

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE EARL OF FIFE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, 57, EBURY-STREET, S.W.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The most popular Royal marriages that have ever taken place in England were probably those of the two Princess Charlottes, the one with George III. and the other with Prince Leopold (afterwards King of the Belgians). During the Seven Years' War, the former young lady (when Princess of Mecklenburg) greatly distinguished herself by the letter she wrote to the King of Prussia after his victory over Marshal Daun, and when Mecklenburg was made the theatre of conflict. "I am at a loss," she begins, "whether I shall congratulate or condole with you. . . . I know you may think it more my province to study the art of pleasing, but, however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people. . . . The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are discontinued; nay, they are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formally occupied; the towns are inhabited by old men, women, and children. . . . But this were nothing did we not suffer the insolence of either army as it happens to advance or retreat." The letter had a great effect on Frederick, who instantly ordered that "all violent expedients, all exactions, all arbitrary supplies should cease"; but when it came into the hands of the young King of England, "This is the lady," said he to Lord Harcourt, "whom I shall secure for my consort."

When Princess Charlotte of England married Prince Leopold her extreme popularity caused the congratulations to degenerate in many cases into a fulsomeness for which she had no taste. In replying to one of these she quoted an anecdote which admirably reprieved its snobbishness and bombast, as well as manifested her own modesty of character. "A German Count, according to the fashion of his country, had a list of his wines; but as his cellar was far from well furnished he wrote 'List of the wines which I have,' and afterwards added 'List of the wines which I have not.'" "How I wish," she concluded, "some of these good gentlemen would follow the example of this German Count, and, when they give me a list of the virtues that I have, would also furnish me with a list of the virtues I have not! I am afraid, like the list of the wines, the latter would far exceed the former."

A great deal has been made about the relationship of the Earl of Fife to his Royal betrothed; but the wonder would be if some sort of family connection could not be established. "It is singular," says Walpole, "that the descendants of Charles I. and Cromwell intermarried in the fourth degree." But in the fourth degree (which may be "a hundred years hence") almost everybody (who is anybody) does intermarry.

We are wiser than we know, the poet informs us; and this, it seems, is especially true of a musical career. Mr. Sims Reeves tells us, in his "Fifty Years of Artistic Life," that it was not till he had sung for ever so long upon the operatic stage that he found out he was a tenor. Everybody had told him—and he had believed them—that he was a baritone, which is no more to be compared with a "tenor" than a "fiver." Fortunately, however, "Nature and his own self-consciousness" at last convinced him of his true value. It is probable that, out of the musical world, there are not many parallel cases to this, but still it gives one hopes. We may be—any of us—ever so much finer fellows than we suspect. Hitherto, one's experience has been rather the other way—our "self-consciousness" has generally gone ahead of the opinion of our friends; but some day the discovery of our own value may burst upon our minds. It is getting a little late, with some of us, for this discovery, but at all events there is plenty of room for it. When I think of the dreadful names some people—critics and others—have called me, I can't help thinking that I *must* be something better. However, this I will say for them, that neither jealousy nor personal animosity (which have been their motives) has ever yet driven them to call me a baritone.

There are few things more deplorable in our social life than the "unneighbourliness" exhibited by those who dwell side by side, and which renders "detached residences" so attractive. Among Christian people, of however low a type, one would think that the fact of being "neighbours"—the very word used in the Scriptures for those to whom we owe our nearest duty—would appeal to their religious sense, even if they were destitute of kindness and good taste; but, unhappily—as is seen when a Salvation Army band persists in playing under the windows of a sick-room—belief has but little to do with behaviour. Every day we read of some application to a police-court, from some sleepless invalid, that the nuisance of a crowing cock or a barking dog next door may be removed. But the law takes no notice of such appeals. "The persons you complain of," it says, "are evidently very selfish and brutal people, but they cannot be punished as they deserve." On the other hand, it is satisfactory to find that a magistrate has at last suggested a remedy for intolerable persecution of this kind. "This terrible cock," moaned an applicant last week, "begins crowing at four o'clock every morning, and sets all the other cocks crowing, so that none of us get any sleep. The health of my family and myself has, in consequence, broken down." "It is very sad," returned his Worship, "but I cannot assist you. There is only one way to stop that cock. To cut its head off." "Oh, good and sapient judge, I thank you for that word," should have been the applicant's rejoinder. But it would not have been mine. The idea would have struck me (on the second morning) without any magisterial suggestion. So long as I had five shillings for the employment of the Unemployed—what is called in the Bluebooks "Secret Service Money"—neither bird nor dog should keep me awake for three mornings running. Morals indeed!—but it is not likely a neighbour of that kind would wish to enter into that question. It is truly marvellous that while our Legislature is about to muzzle all dogs lest one person in a million should

have hydrophobia, it refuses to take notice of the case of thousands of hardworking people robbed of sleep every night of their lives from an easily preventable cause.

Convocation has been of late very justly severe against the widespread vice of gambling; but before it takes action—a thing itself rather difficult for Convocation to do—it has been wisely suggested that it had better make up its mind as to what gambling is. The views which its members have expressed upon the subject are, to say the least of it, hazy. One reverend gentleman confesses, with tears of penitence, that he is hardly worthy to speak upon such a matter, though on the other hand he is one only too well acquainted with the unclean thing; inasmuch as he himself once played at whist for penny points and won a shilling. This is what the world will call at most "a clerical error," and the good soul who recalls it proves thereby how utterly incompetent he is to discuss the subject. He reminds one of another theologian who attributed the vice of lying in a certain sinner to the habit he had given way to in his youth of making people April Fools upon All Fools' day. Persons who have no sense of comparison ought not to take up these questions, for their arguments only provoke laughter—and that on the wrong side—from the better-informed. To hope to induce mankind to play games of chance "for love" is simply ludicrous; its obvious waste of time, as Dr. Johnson points out, let alone its insipidity, is fatal to it; and the real question is, since people *will* wager something on them, when does it amount to gambling? The answer is simple enough—namely, when they play for more than they can afford. This definition covers everything, from the clerk misusing his employer's money to the gentleman whose whist (from the largeness of the stake) becomes a business instead of a pleasure. The childish device of denouncing an innocent amusement as a crime in order to mark the heinousness of the crime is a trick that deceives nobody, and only shows that the person who practises it is no conjurer.

The last example of the "overwork" craze surpasses all its predecessors. A very young actress of a sensational turn of mind, who has already made one "disappearance," has been brought before a magistrate upon the charge of attempting to commit suicide. She protested she was "very sorry," but was "wearied with book work." That the poor girl had some serious cause for despondency is only too probable; but the amount of study required of a fourth-rate performer in a burlesque can hardly be enough, one would have thought, to drive an intelligent canary to self-destruction. His Worship, however, seems to have had no difficulty in accepting this explanation. What seems curious, he nevertheless passed a sentence upon her which to many persons will appear very severe. He not only insisted upon her giving up her engagements, but on her "going at once to Scotland." What changes time effects! In old days Scotland was the very place young ladies used to go to of their own accord when they declined to give up their engagements.

There have been cases—we cannot say "not a hundred miles" from London, but only a few hundred—when, in a time of great political excitement, mobs burnt bank-notes in order to ruin the bankers; but this was afterwards found to be (financially) a mistake, and the custom was discontinued. People very rarely burn other people's money (though they sometimes affect to make light of it), and never their own. An exception to this last rule has, however, taken place in that country of exceptions, America. A miser, whose wife and child had displeased him, crawled out of bed to a desk where he kept 30,000 dollars' worth of greenbacks and securities, and threw them in the fire. It seems like cutting off his nose to spite his face; but it was really only *their* noses, since he knew he had but a few hours to live. Still, misers do not love their money less because they are dying:

Never so near as when we "part,"

is the line that fits them to a nicety; and the action, though begotten of spite and hate, had something almost sublime about it, from the agony it must have cost him. Perhaps one of those gentry who are always protesting that every incident is plagiarised from the past, and who certainly make no effort after originality themselves, will be so good as to tell us what miser has ever before been known to have burnt his money?

The "adventurer" who sold his shares in the New River Company the other day for £122,800 is the sort of adventurer for my money. All others are fraudulent—or, at all events, labour under a suspicion of being "frauds." If their published experiences are tame, we very properly turn up our noses at them; and if they are very exciting we don't believe them. Even if we take their own accounts of their adventures as trustworthy—"correct" in a moral sense they rarely are—they are not to be envied. Suppose they do kill a couple of elephants with a right and left barrel, they have a great deal to go through before that happy chance presents itself, and then there are as many difficulties about securing the tusks as there are in what our dentist calls "saving a tooth" with us at home. In conversation the adventurer has always to be upon his guard lest the verbal narrative of his doings should not square with his printed story; while he is nervously apprehensive of letting out those incidents in his career—such as polygamy and cannibalism—which have been "suppressed" by the advice of his publisher. No; the Nile and the Niger may have their attractions for the adventurer, but give me the New River and a whole share in the Company. What are a thousand hairbreadth escapes "on flood and field and fell" compared with a life passed in reading about them with a tranquil mind, and crowned with such a sale as this? The shares in stout Sir Hugh Middleton's company were not, however, always at the present high premium. They started in 1613 at par, and the concern was at first such an unpromising one that for thirty years they produced but £5 apiece. King James thought so badly of it that he relinquished his share in the profits for the payment of £500 a year, which is the reason, I suppose, why a "King's share" is now of less value than an "adventurer's." The advantages of "holding on" to a financial speculation were probably never so exemplified as in the case of the New River Company. The last price given for the stock is far in advance of that it has hitherto reached, but not so much so as has been stated. In 1880 a King's share sold for £91,010, and an adventurer's share for £94,500.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and her children, left Windsor shortly after ten on the morning of July 18, and arrived at Osborne House about two o'clock. Her Majesty appeared to be in excellent health. In passing through Portsmouth and crossing the Solent the Queen saw the ships in the harbour and at Spithead that will form the nucleus of the fleet at the coming inspection. As the Alberta approached Cowes, the numerous yachts hoisted their colours, which were dipped as her Majesty passed. The ironclad *Invincible*, the guard-ship during the Queen's stay at Osborne, also dipped her colours, and her crew manned the yards. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, July 21. The Rev. Arthur Peile, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary and Master of St. Katharine's, officiated. In the evening the Rev. A. Peile had the honour of dining at the Royal table. On Friday, the 26th, the Queen and Princess Beatrice return to Buckingham Palace for the Royal wedding. Messrs. H. M. Emanuel and Son, of Portsea, have had the honour of submitting to her Majesty the cup given by the Queen to the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club; also two cups for the Goodwood Races.—The arrangements for the Royal visit to Wales have been settled. The Queen will leave Osborne on Aug. 22, and travel from the coast by special train over the South-Western and Great Western Railways to Llandelfel, which is situated a short distance from Pale, where her Majesty will arrive on the following morning. The Queen has promised to drive through the towns of Ruabon and Wrexham the next day, and on quitting the Principality will proceed direct to Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales presided at the annual meeting of the Royal College of Music on July 18, at Marlborough House, and presented the medals and certificates which were awarded to the successful competitors. The Prince and Princess received Mr. Russell Harrison, son of the President of the United States of America, at Marlborough House. Mr. Lincoln, the United States Minister, accompanied Mr. Harrison and presented him to their Royal Highnesses. Madame Gröndahl has had the honour of playing on the pianoforte before the Princess. The Prince on the 19th visited the Italian Opera, Covent-garden. On the 20th, the Prince left Marlborough House on a visit to Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild, M.P., at Waddesdon Manor, Aylesbury, returning to town on the 22nd, having lunched en route with Mr. Alfred De Rothschild at Holton House, Tring. His Royal Highness presided at Marlborough House on the 23rd over a meeting of her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1881. In the afternoon the Prince presented new colours to the Northamptonshire Regiment. The ceremony took place at the Tower, in the presence of a large company. Addressing the regiment, his Royal Highness said it had a roll of most distinguished services extending over every part of the world, and it had always been known for high discipline and good conduct.

## THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

According to the latest arrangements, as officially announced, the marriage of her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Wales with the Earl of Fife, K.T., will take place in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace on Saturday, July 27, at twelve o'clock. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of Windsor, the Rev. F. Herve, and the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore will perform the service. Mr. Jekyll, the organist of the Chapels Royal, will preside at the organ, and the choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, will sing the musical part of the service. The Queen, with her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family, will be conducted to the chapel in procession at 11.45 from the Bow Library, where they will have assembled. The bridegroom will then be conducted to the chapel, after which the bride, who will arrive from Marlborough House with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., will proceed to the chapel. After the ceremony the united processions will return to the Bow Library, and the registration of the marriage will take place in the adjoining drawing-room. The Queen, with the Royal family, will then proceed to luncheon in the state dining-room, while luncheon will be served for her Majesty's other guests in the supper-room. The bride and bridegroom will afterwards return to Marlborough House. A guard of honour will be mounted at the palace. *Levee* dress will be worn by gentlemen, evening dress (*demi-toilette*) by ladies.

## THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT.

## NAVAL REVIEW PROGRAMME.

The Emperor William is to arrive at East Cowes in the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* about six o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, Aug. 2; and his Majesty will be met off the Nab Lighthouse by the Royal yacht *Osborne*, with the Prince of Wales on board. The Emperor will land at Trinity Pier and drive to Osborne, where he is to be the guest of the Queen, and a family dinner-party will be given at the palace in the evening. The naval inspection will occupy the whole of the next afternoon; and on Sunday afternoon, the 4th, the Emperor and the Prince of Wales will visit several of the principal vessels of the fleet, and his Majesty will probably dine with the Prince and Princess of Wales on board the *Osborne*. On the 5th the Emperor will visit West Cowes, and go for a short run on one of the Royal yachts; and on the 6th his Majesty is to inspect Portsmouth Dockyard, and he will sleep on board his yacht, embarking at 10 p.m. Early on the morning of the 7th the *Hohenzollern* will proceed from Osborne Bay to Portsmouth Harbour, whence the Emperor will be conveyed by special train to Aldershot, where there is to be a grand review, and he will return in the evening in time to dine with the Queen at Osborne. On the morning of the 8th the Emperor will take leave of the Queen and Royal family and will start in the *Hohenzollern* for Ostend, where he is to have an interview with the King of the Belgians.

## A SPECIAL WEDDING NUMBER

OF THE

## ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

TO COMMEMORATE THE

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With the EARL OF FIFE

Will be issued on WEDNESDAY, JULY 31.

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DECK OF  
THE  
UMBRIA

RANDON  
SKETCHES  
ON  
BOARD THE SKIRMISHER

THE  
DINNER  
"AT THE SHAHS  
TABLE"

H. C. Seppings Wright





THE SHAH AT LIVERPOOL: ON BOARD THE SKIRMISHER, GOING TO THE DOCKS.

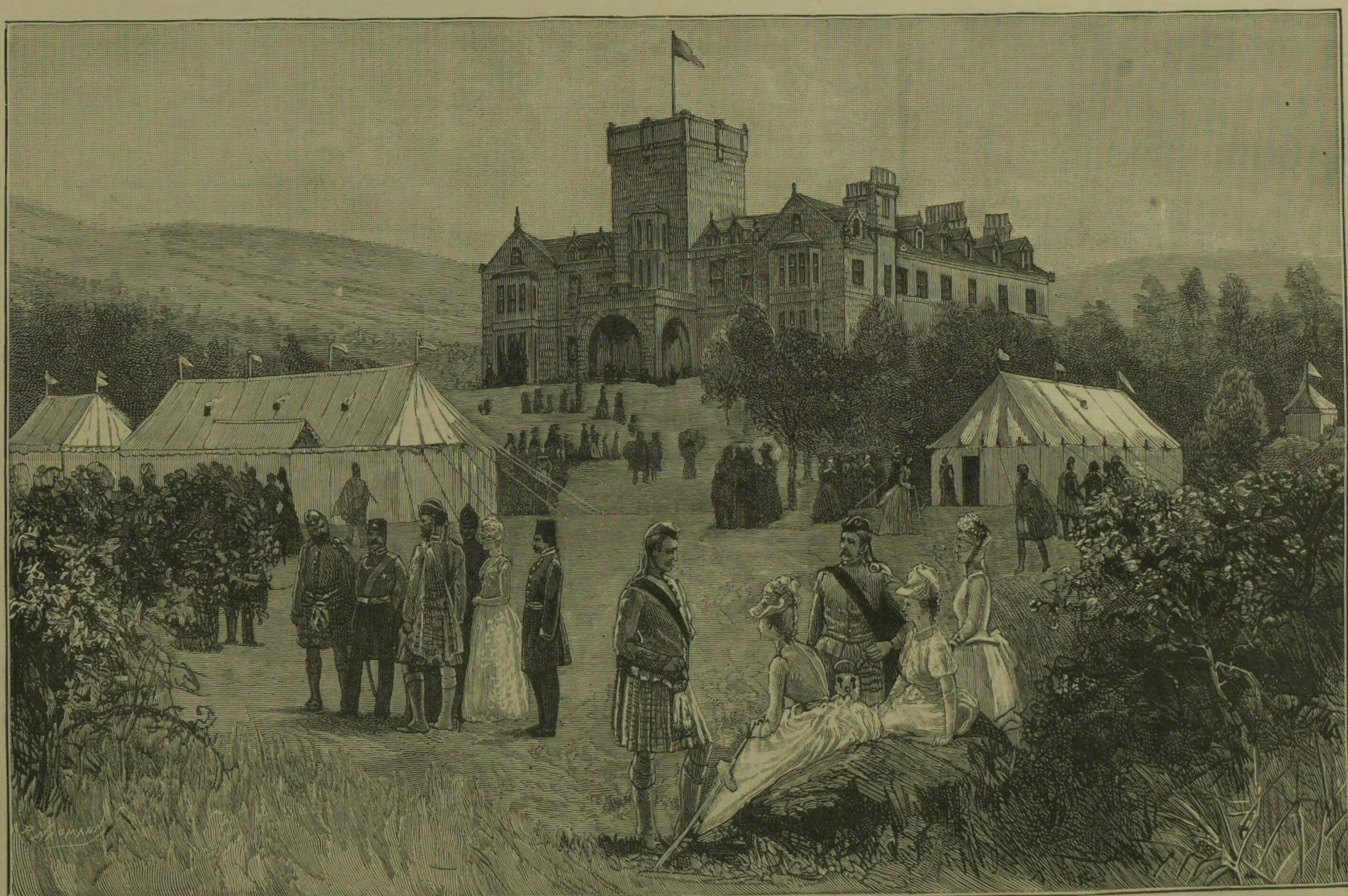


THE SHAH AT GLASGOW: ARRIVAL AT QUEEN-STREET STATION.





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T H E   S H A H   I N   S C O T L A N D .



## THE ROSE FESTIVAL, ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters and the Earl of Fife, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with Princess Victoria of Teck, were among the company on Monday, July 15, at the "Feast of Roses" at the Regent's Park Gardens of the Royal Botanic Society. Nearly eight thousand ladies and gentlemen visited the gardens in the afternoon and evening; the promenade was enlivened by the music of the 2nd Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards' bands; and a pretty show was made by the parade of carriages and horses decorated with floral garlands, which was introduced on this occasion, it is said at the request of the Prince of Wales, in imitation of the similar parade at the Carnival festivities of Nice. It was beheld by the Royal party from a dais erected in front of the Conservatory. After the procession of carriages had passed, there were prizes for the most tasteful decorations and the finest equipages.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales distributed to the prize-winners little flags representing the medals and prizes. The Princess herself gave one prize, which was gained by Mrs. E. Ledger, also the first gold medal. Her equipage was a victoria and pair, with French marigolds all over the horses' backs and heads; the wheels were adorned with white and yellow flowers. The two ladies in the car wore saffron gowns with an edging of white lace and flowers. The second prize was awarded to Mrs. Fred Horner, whose victoria was ornamented with 4000 crimson Jacqueminot roses and sprays of asparagus foliage. A village pony-cart, covered with white, pink, and yellow Gloire de Dijon roses, was driven by Miss Sherwood, a little girl dressed in white, with a sash of pink roses, and roses in her hat. Mr. C. Sharman's pony phaeton, fringed with white lilies on a body of red gladioli, with a canopy of La France roses and ampelopsis Veitchii, was driven by Miss Sharman, in a white dress festooned with white and crimson roses. Mr. W. Gilbey's Shetland, saddled with yellow and white roses, danced past flicking a glorious white tail. Master Guy Paget Bowman, accoutred as a knight in complete armour, bestrode a miniature steed with a martingale of red gladioli, yellow lilies, red and white roses, box and barberry leaves. In his hand he held a banner blazoned with the Union Jack in double red geraniums, white acacia blossoms, and blue corn-flowers. In a sedan-chair rode a little girl carried by her brother and sister in blue and gold liveries. Two little boys, picturesquely attired in maroon velvet, drew a mail-cart all green with moss, asparagus, and small palms, among which gleamed a tiger-skin rug. There was a two-wheeled tandem drawn by bay ponies, with white roses on one panel of the little cart and red roses on the other, the panels inscribed with the words "York" and "Lancaster," and with the three feathers of the Prince of Wales in tuberoses on the splash-board.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The dead season has set in for the London theatres. Managers find it as a rule more profitable, and far more agreeable, to recuperate in Switzerland or at German spas than to open their houses to scanty audiences. Mr. Toole was one of the earliest to flit from town, to the huge delight of his Margate admirers. On the termination of their season at the Court. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were entertained at a banquet at the Métropole; Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., presiding, and saying all sorts of nice things of the accomplished couple, for whom he predicted a hearty welcome in America. Then, Mr. Willard has brought the brief yet successful run of "Jim the Penman" to a close at the Shaftesbury, and has promised a new play, by Mr. H. A. Jones, entitled "The Middleman," in the autumn. Mr. Tree, in closing the Haymarket on July 20, after appearing as Gringoire and Falstaff—two of this talented actor's best representations—announced that he had been so pleased with Mr. Jones's "Wealth" that he had asked him to write a new piece for him. The Haymarket will be reopened in September with the adaptation of "Roger la Honte." Faithful among the faithless found, Madame Sarah Bernhardt still stars at the Lyceum, alternately with Verdi's "Otello." If her début in "Lena" (the Parisian version of "As in a Looking-Glass") was a disappointment, Madame Bernhardt was as grandly impressive as ever in "La Tosca."

The last nights of the London Season have also been brightened by the reappearance of Mr. Charles Wyndham, with Miss Mary Moore and Mr. David James, in "David Garrick" at the Criterion, where Mr. F. C. Burnand's "Headless Man" is to astonish us on July 27. Of the plague of matinees, which turn day into night for long-suffering critics, the two most noticeable "up to date" are Mr. William Archer's translation of Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," produced by Madame Geneviève Ward at the Opéra Comique; and the melodious and pretty English comic opera "Marjorie," music by that clever young *chef d'orchestre*, Mr. Walter Slaughter, and libretto by Mr. Lewis Clifton and Mr. Joseph J. Dille. It is sufficient to say now that the many sweet airs of "Marjorie," and the *dansante* choruses, were very favourably received, and that the management received ample encouragement to place "Marjorie" in the evening bill of a theatre in need of a new comic opera.

One of the liveliest sights in London is the sea of laughing faces in the crowded little Court Theatre. An unmistakable "hit" has been made there by Mrs. John Wood in Mr. Ralph Lumley's new farcical comedy, entitled "Aunt Jack," which abounds in mirthful situations, and has the advantage of being acted by an admirable company which has caught to a nicety the key-note of mock-earnestness proper to such trifles. The audience is kept in a roar from start to finish by the many diverting complications of "Aunt Jack's" breach of promise case, in pursuing which Mrs. John Wood is fairly in her element. In fine, a most amusing couple of hours may be spent in learning how "Aunt Jack," in prosecuting peppery and fickle Colonel Tavernor for breach of promise of marriage, wins the heart of the susceptible counsel for the defendant (Mr. Arthur Cecil), and covers with confusion her own nephew (Mr. Eric Lewis), who is her advocate. Mrs. John Wood's delightfully jocose rendering in court of a couple of verses from the popular comic song "Ask a Policeman" (her singing of which, in costume, at a penny reading caused the Colonel to break off the match) crowned the success of "Aunt Jack."

The illuminated grounds of the Spanish Exhibition form a favourite promenade of an evening. A lively band plays stimulating dance music; the lamp-lit gardens are exceedingly charming; and the new troupe of Spanish dancers and mandolinists in the theatre are very attractive, the *chic* and grace of the lissom *première danseuse* being a revelation to many.

In the recent Matriculation Examination at London University there were more than a thousand successful candidates. Miss Blanche Hewett, of Lauceston, heading the classified list, honours division. This young lady was a student at Newnham College, Cambridge, and was placed in the Wranglers' list two or three years ago.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Upper Chamber, untroubled by such sublimary matters as grants to the Royal family, devoted itself on the Twenty-second of July to the amelioration of the lot of overworked children. There was a comparatively large attendance of their Lordships, the Lord Chancellor presiding benignly on the woolsack, and Ministerial and Opposition leaders being in full force. Lord Herschell was undoubtedly animated by benevolent motives in earnestly persuading the House to read a second time the "Cruelty to Children Prevention Bill"; but, as the Earl of Dunraven argued, the adoption of the clause prohibiting children from playing in theatres would inflict a great hardship and injustice upon an industrious class. On this point Lord Halsbury had ready a seasonable suggestion. The Lord Chancellor thought that some competent authority might be empowered to issue licenses for the employment of children at properly regulated places of amusement. Everyone familiar with the great care taken of her clever juvenile pupils by Madame Katti Lanner, renowned for the excellence of her ballet troupes, must hope that the House of Lords will so amend this measure as to rid it of its unjust features.

The inevitable annual conversation on the accommodation of reporters took place the following afternoon in the House of Lords. It arose on Earl Cadogan's motion that the Black Rod Committee be instructed to find room for Hansard's reporters "within the precincts of the House." It is no misnomer to say that the existing Reporters' Gallery is "within the precincts of the House." The fact is, all that is needed for the more accurate reporting of their Lordships' speeches is for noble Lords to speak up—i.e., to deliver their speeches with the commendable clearness and distinctness almost invariably observed by the Marquis of Salisbury, who paid a just tribute to the admirable manner in which the reporters of the daily papers do their work—the difficulty of which is often increased materially by the inaudibility of the majority of their Lordships. Lord Truro does not often appear in the part of a jester. His jocund suggestion that reporters should pop up from trap-doors and take their seats at the table occasioned a ripple of laughter, which was continued when that dry joker Lord Derby said this arrangement would "assimilate the position of the reporters' box to the dock in a Court of Justice, which is invariably entered from below." With merry quips of this kind do noble legislators (when they do not confine their sittings to five or ten minutes' duration) pass the time away.

The storm of claptrap oratory being manufactured in denunciation of the increase in the Parliamentary grant to the Prince of Wales was heralded in the Lower House on Monday, the Twenty-second of July. It may be explained that the Government's first proposal to the Committee appointed by the Commons was that Prince Albert Victor of Wales should have £10,000 a year, and an additional £15,000 annually on his marriage; Prince George, £8000, and £7000 extra on a like occasion; and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales annuities of £9000, and dowries amounting to £30,000. The next Ministerial proposition was that, in lieu of the foregoing, there should be a yearly increase of £40,000 in the grant to the Prince of Wales—an amount afterwards reduced to £36,000 per annum. When Mr. W. H. Smith brought up this report, he mildly hoped "Her Majesty's gracious message" would be taken into consideration on the ensuing Wednesday. Mr. Smith was supported in a measure by Mr. Gladstone. But the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition reckoned without Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Bradlaugh, who were both averse to so hasty a proceeding. In the end, Mr. Smith was glad to name the Thursday as the day for the debate on the whole question of the advisability of an extension of the grants to the Royal family. But, whatever the issue might be, it was "taken for granted."

Cheers and counter-cheers greeted the entrance, on July 22, of the new member for East Marylebone, Mr. Boulnois, as successor to Lord Charles Beresford; for, albeit the Conservatives felt it but due to their latest recruit to encourage him in the usual way, the Liberals were also in duty bound to signify their sense of the gallant way in which Mr. George Leveson-Gower had fought the election, and reduced the Ministerial majority. There was also a chorus of Opposition "hear, hears" when Mr. J. L. Morgan took his seat for West Carmarthenshire in place of the late Mr. W. H. Powell. The new members obtained their first lessons in legislation in following the dry discussion of the Scottish Local Government Bill in Committee. The week was crowned by Parliamentarians with the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at the National Liberal Club.

Our Portrait of the Mayor of Harrogate, Mr. N. Carter, an active member of the Committee of the Harrogate Hospital, is from a photograph by Messrs. T. and J. Holroyd, of that town.

The deaths registered in London for the week ending July 20 numbered 1556, being 227 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The executive committee of the Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition, London, 1889, state that the proceeds of the Exhibition amounted to £314 15s. 6d., which has been apportioned to benevolent institutions.

Princess Christian opened on July 23 a sale of work, held under the auspices of the Countess of Jersey, Viscountess Valentia, and other patronesses, at the Leopold Institute, Slough, in aid of the Oxford Diocesan Branch of the Ladies' Home Missions Association. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

At Sheffield, on July 23, the Rev. C. H. Kelly was elected President of the Wesleyan Conference, in succession to the Rev. Joseph Bush. In a brief address the new President said he saw in his election the appreciation of Methodism for army, navy, and Sunday-school work, with which he had had much to do. An invitation from Bristol to hold next year's Conference there was accepted.

At a special assembly of the Royal Society of British Artists, held on July 23, the following gentlemen were elected members: Messrs. W. D. Almond, Frank Brangwyn, Nelson Dawson, F. Hamilton Jackson, Jas. Macmaster, R.S.W., Robert Morley, C. Mottram, Laslett J. Pott, Adam E. Proctor, Octavius Rickatson, F. Cayley Robinson, R. W. A. Rouse, Henry Sykes, W. Harding Smith, William Strutt, H. T. Schäfer, and W. H. Y. Titcomb.

Sergeant Reid, 1st Lanark Engineers, the Queen's Prize-man, arrived in Glasgow on July 22. Members of all the Glasgow regiments of Volunteers turned out and lined the way from the station into the streets of the city. Amid the cheers of many thousands of people who crowded Buchanan-street and Sauchiehall-street, Reid was carried shoulder high at the head of a procession to the orderly-room of the Engineers, where Sir Donald Matheson, the Colonel of the regiment, welcomed him home, congratulated him on his splendid victory, and thanked him for the honour he had done to Glasgow and his corps.

## THE SHAH IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

The tour of his Majesty the Shah of Persia in the North of England and Scotland, visiting several great towns and cities, and staying at the residences of persons of rank and position in the country, has enabled him to see much as well of the commercial and manufacturing prosperity of Great Britain as of the rural mansions and the Highland retreats, amid romantic Scottish scenery, which adorn many parts of our native land.

From Sheffield, the industrial capital of the cutlery trade, on Saturday, July 13, his Majesty travelled direct to Liverpool, arriving there at five o'clock in the afternoon, and became the guest of the Mayor and Municipal Corporation at Newsham House. He dined that evening with the Mayor (Mr. Cookson) and a company of two hundred, including the Earl of Sefton, the Earl of Derby, and other noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, at the Townhall. On Sunday he went to Chester, and was met by the Duke of Westminster, who conducted him to Eaton Hall, the splendid mansion of his Grace a few miles from that city, with an escort of the Yeomanry Cavalry under command of Captain Lord Arthur Grosvenor. The streets of Chester were thronged with people. On Eastgate Bridge was the Persian for "Welcome to the King of Kings," and Grosvenor Bridge was decorated with Venetian masts and lines of streamers. At Eaton Hall nearly a thousand people were assembled in the great quadrangle, at the entrance through the Golden Gates, when the Duke's carriage made its appearance in the Belgrave drive, the avenue of trees from the Wrexham and Chester main road. After luncheon, his Majesty was taken through the state rooms and the gardens; and five of the Duke's most celebrated horses, including Ormonde and Bend Or, were paraded for his inspection. There was a garden party before the Shah returned to Liverpool in the afternoon.

On Monday morning the Shah was taken to see the Liverpool Docks. In a carriage with the Mayor of Liverpool, the Earl of Sefton, and the Persian Grand Vizier, he drove along West Derby-road, Brunswick-road, London-road, Lime-street, Church-street, Lord-street, and James-street to the landing-stage. Here the steamer Skirmisher was in readiness to convey the party to the Alexandra Dock to inspect the Cunard steam-ship Umbria. The Shah was received by Mr. John Brancker on behalf of the Dock Board. He was saluted by a guard of honour of the Royal Naval Reserve, and the police band played the Persian National Anthem. The Shah sat on a purple-covered throne in the bow of the Skirmisher, which was gaily decorated from stem to stern, and flying the Persian flag at her foremast. The vessel proceeded down the river. When she was entering the North Dock, a salute was fired from Perch Rock battery on the opposite side of the river, while there were hearty cheers from crowds on the quays and on vessels in the docks. His Majesty was conducted on board the Umbria, where he stayed about an hour, then re-embarked on board the Skirmisher, and returned to the town. A guard of honour of the Naval Artillery Volunteers was formed to receive his Majesty, who was conducted to the Townhall. There he was presented with an address from the Liverpool Corporation. After showing himself to the people outside from the Queen's balcony, overlooking the Exchange flags, the Shah was entertained by the Mayor with luncheon, and then, taking his leave of Liverpool, proceeding to the Central railway station, departed for Manchester, where he arrived at five o'clock.

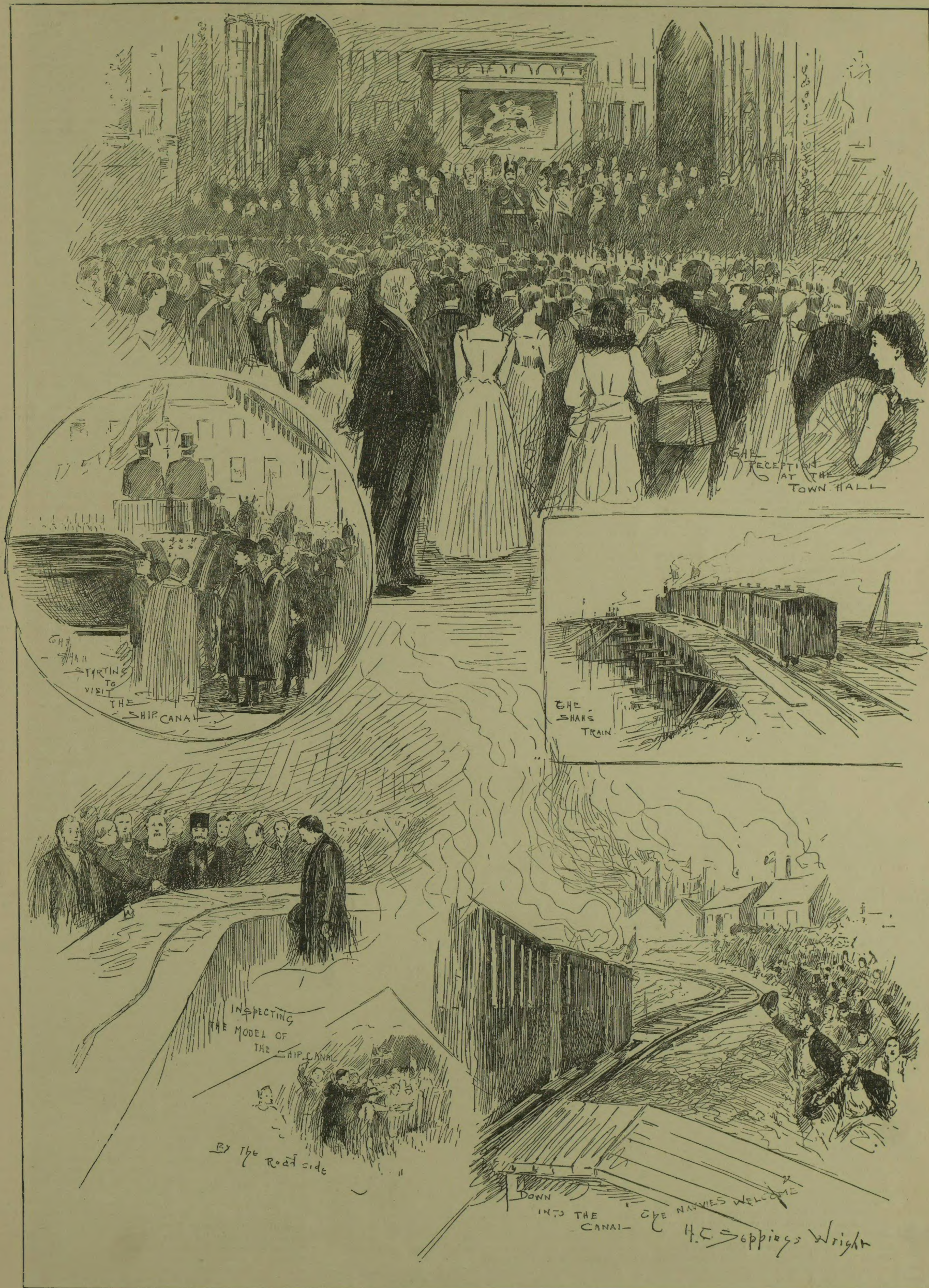
At Manchester, where his Majesty was received at the railway station by the Mayor (Alderman Batty), Sir John Harwood, Deputy Mayor, and other members of the Corporation, the streets leading to the Townhall were decorated with flags, and there was a guard of the Cheshire Regiment and the Volunteers. The Shah dined that evening at the Manchester Townhall, and slept in the state apartments there. Among the company at dinner were two of the Judges of Assize. Next morning, Tuesday, July 16, his Majesty was taken to view the works of the Manchester Ship Canal. The streets and roads through which the carriages passed were adorned with flags, crowded with people, and kept by the soldiers, infantry and cavalry, and by the Manchester and Salford Volunteers. Passing along Chester-road the Shah arrived at Pomona, where the Manchester docks of the Ship Canal are being constructed, and began a short tour of the works. He was received by Lord Egerton of Tatton (chairman of the company), Sir Joseph Leek (vice-chairman), Mr. T. A. Walker (the contractor), and a number of the directors. A large company assembled in a tent to meet the Shah. His Majesty took much interest in a model of the Ship Canal, which was explained by Mr. E. Lender Williams, the engineer of the company. A special train conveyed the Shah, his suite, and the directors and others over the docks, 200 acres in extent, and along the course of the canal to Irlam, a distance of about eight miles. The train went slowly all the time. Mr. Lender Williams gave full explanations, which Prince Malcom Khan translated. At Irlam, where the future locks were described to his Majesty, the train was run on to the Cheshire lines, and thence to Manchester. In the evening the Shah attended a reception, at which addresses were presented on behalf of the Mayor and Corporation and the Manchester Chamber of Commerce.

On Wednesday, at noon, his Majesty left Manchester for Scotland, travelling to Buchanan Castle, on the shores of Loch Lomond, the seat of the Duke of Montrose. Among the guests invited to meet the Shah were the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane, Sir James and Lady King, and Major-General Annesley. After dinner there was a display of Highland dancing in front of the castle; twelve men of the 93rd (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) Regiment acted as torchbearers, and the scene was weird and picturesque.

The city of Glasgow was visited by the Shah on Thursday, July 18, when Sir James King (Lord Provost) and the Bailies and official persons received his Majesty. The procession wended its way to the new Municipal Buildings, where, replying to an address of welcome from the Corporation, the Shah said he was happy to find himself in Glasgow. His Majesty visited the Royal Exchange, and was afterwards entertained in the Corporation Galleries at luncheon by the Glasgow Corporation. The Shah afterwards inspected the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. James and George Thomson at Clyde Bank. He returned to Buchanan Castle in the evening, and next day travelled to Aberdeenshire, where he was the guest of Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail, at Glenmuick House, near Ballater, Deeside. His Majesty, on Saturday, July 20, went to visit Sir Algernon Borthwick at Invercauld Castle, Braemar. On his road thither he stopped to see Balmoral Castle, which was shown to him by the Queen's resident Commissioner, Dr. Profeit. The Shah stayed at Invercauld till Monday, July 22. His journey that day took him to Aberdeen, where he was met by Lord Provost Henderson at the railway station; and he travelled south by the Tay Bridge, Dunfermline, Alloa, and Linlithgow, to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. His Majesty was the guest of the Earl of Hopetoun.

On Tuesday, July 23, the Shah inspected the great railway-bridge over the Forth, which is now approaching its completion, and visited the city of Edinburgh, where he was presented with an address by the Lord Provost and Corporation.









THE FEAST OF ROSES AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.





"A GOOD CATCH."—PICTURE BY F. DVORAK.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HANFSTAENGL, OF MUNICH.



## COWPER AND CRABBE.

There is a period towards the close of the eighteenth century in which the student or reader of poetry finds himself in a poetical desert, where, if he discover aught to gladden him in Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper," in the "Botanic Garden" of Darwin, in the poems of Anna Seward or of Robert Bloomfield, he will be grateful for small mercies.

But the voice of song in England never dies out utterly, the line of royal poets is never extinct. At a critical juncture, when the dreary jingle of poetasters was mistaken for inspiration, Burns arose to dignify the kingly office in Scotland, and Cowper and Crabbe in England. It was a happy time for them, for they had no rivals; and though Crabbe, who had been familiar with Dr. Johnson's friends in his youth, lived on to clasp hands with the great poets of this century, he belongs almost wholly to the days in which he won his first laurels.

Burns does not come within the scope of this short paper, since the position of his two English contemporaries is sufficiently interesting to claim all our attention. There are many reasons why they should be viewed together. They were both innovators, or poetical reformers, striking out new paths with a success which has given them hitherto, and will probably ensure to them in the future, a distinct place in our literature. Both, too, though in a very different way, studied nature for themselves, and not through poetical interpreters; both cast aside the diction which enabled versemakers to conceal their poverty of thought and fancy, and both used homely language and wrote upon homely themes. Wordsworth, writing the famous defence of his own principles as a poet, observes that "his object was to choose incidents and situations from common life and to relate or describe them in language really used by men, while throwing over them a certain colouring of imagination." Happily for the world Wordsworth broke through the fetters he imposed upon himself, or some of the noblest poetry in the language would never have been written; but it is remarkable that Crabbe, who had no theory, had, long before Wordsworth wrote, acted on his views of poetry. He has a certain colouring of imagination, or he would not be a poet; he chooses incidents and situations from common life; and he is never so successful as in exhibiting the "elementary feelings," as Wordsworth calls them, of men and women unfettered by the conventional laws of society. He is, I think, the first poet of his century who rejected all the artifices in vogue among versemakers, and was content to describe nature and life as he saw them. In doing this, Crabbe is often utterly prosaic, for there are subjects, though he did not know it, which cannot be used poetically, and it is chiefly through the intensity of his vision that he reaches a higher region. His range was limited to the observation of English life among persons of the lower and middle class. A clergyman by profession, he found the main pleasures of his life in botany and poetry. No great topics of speculation or of politics had much interest for Crabbe, neither did literature largely attract him. He was untravelled, and strangely ignorant of the subjects familiar to most men of culture. The longest journey he ever took was to Scotland, and great was his surprise to see men there who spoke Gaelic and wore the tartan.

Cowper, owing to the religious melancholy that drove him, as he said, like a stricken deer from the herd, was more of a recluse than Crabbe, but he had far wider culture. Had the two men been brought together they would probably have had little in common, and a superficial observer might be inclined to say that as poets there is no likeness between them. A more intimate knowledge will change this opinion, and as heralds of a new era the two figures deserve the fullest attention from the student of our poetry.

If he reads the eight volumes containing the life-work of Crabbe, he will, I think, be struck in the first place with the poet's admirable skill in telling a story. In this respect, and in this alone, the author of "Tales of the Hall" is the legitimate son of Chaucer; not one of his poetical predecessors deserves that title so well, and, perhaps, to this day his claim to this high honour cannot be disputed. Sometimes his story is at once poetical and pathetic, as in the "Parting Hour"; sometimes it has a humorous flavour, as in "The Widow," who "weeps in comfort in her graceful weeds"; sometimes, and, indeed, often, it is painfully unpleasant, as in "Procrastination," in "The Hall of Justice" and in the tale called "The Brothers." Crabbe delights to lay bare all the secret frailties of human nature—the frailties of old maids as well as of young women, of men who pride themselves on their position, and of men in the humblest rank. He spares no one; and so pointed and yet general is his satire that few of us, perhaps, however large our self-esteem, can bear some of his thrusts without wincing. Some of the most forcible of his tales are wholly without the noble imagination that glorifies common things; and when Crabbe treats of abstract subjects he falls into the depths of prose. Yet, in spite of great deficiencies like these, and of commonplaces which even the "Rejected Addresses" can scarcely be said to have caricatured, Crabbe's right to be called a poet cannot be contested. His claim to rank with the poets—it may be admitted that he too often belongs to the versemen—lies in the vivid force of his description, in the imagination that occasionally touches the heights and depths of tragedy and pathos, in the instinct that guides him to a knowledge of the human heart. Take up the best of his "Tales," or read his wonderful, if gloomy, descriptions of nature, and you feel that you are in the hands of a master, and will understand how it was that a poet so unlike Crabbe as Sir Walter Scott felt the charm of the verse which served to cheer his last hours. A great writer of our day, who is himself largely endowed with the poetic spirit, has also expressed his admiration of this poet; and I am the better pleased to quote what Cardinal Newman says, because there will be much in Crabbe distasteful to a nature so refined and idealistic. Writing of a passage in the "Tales of the Hall," beginning with the couplet,

I loved to walk where none had walked before,  
About the rocks that ran along the shore,

Dr. Newman says: "I read it on its first publication, above thirty years ago, with extreme delight, and have never lost my love for it; and on looking it up lately, found I was even more touched by it than heretofore." A work which can please in youth and age seems to fulfil (in logical language) the accidental definition of a classic. In accuracy of description Crabbe never fails, but too often it is the accuracy of an artist who paints a bank of weeds and brambles, and does not see the landscape or the blue sky that bends over it. In his hands scenery and human nature also often present a sorry aspect. We admit the fidelity of the picture, but feel that it is a one-sided fidelity, and that nature and life have higher and nobler aspects. But in spite of these deficiencies Crabbe wins his way by his poetical sincerity—a quality dear to every reader who holds to the creed that poetry is "a true thing."

Sincerity is also one of the distinguishing marks of Cowper's poetry. His fidelity to nature in his descriptive poems is as striking as that of Crabbe; and while the method of the two poets is different, neither of them looks at the country through the spectacles of books. The frequent

roughness of style in which they both indulge would have horrified Pope, and Cowper has the additional defect of preaching when he should sing.

Cowper said that he expended the most anxious labour on his verse, and for this we must take his word, for it appears at times as if he wrote with a careless disregard of style and of rhythm. Like Crabbe, he trusts wholly for his inspiration to what he sees and feels, and his study of the rural nature that he loved is as exact as it is beautiful. Sad though Cowper was in spirit, he writes of nature more cheerfully than Crabbe, and his eye rests with delight upon the simplest objects. The poet of "The Borough" describes out-of-door life as accurately; but he is most successful in painting its gloomiest aspects. The withering brake on the heath, the thin harvest waving its withered ears, the rank weeds that defy art and rob the blighted rye, the "ridge of all things base" thrown up by a strong tide, the ague-breeding fens, the marshy moors, and the clasping tares that cling round the sickly blade—these are the objects upon which Crabbe loves to dwell. And the desolation he depicts with marvellous fidelity is in harmony with the condition of English peasants as they appeared to "Nature's sternest painter."

Shakspeare writes of a homely country life as one of sweet content; the Elizabethan lyrists delight in praising pastoral employments; and Dekker, echoing the poetical sentiments of his age, says that "honest labour bears a lovely face." Not thus did the lot of the English peasant appear to Crabbe. He describes him toiling in summer "till the knees tremble and the temples beat," and in winter as "nipt by the frost and shivering in the wind," so that he hoards up aches and weakness for old age, when the poor-house receives him and all who share his poverty.

The town of Aldborough, in Suffolk, now a favourite seaside resort, may have had many an ugly feature in Crabbe's time; but it could hardly have been so melancholy a spot as Cowper's Olney, a village by the far-wandering Ouse, inhabited by fever-stricken ill-paid lace-makers. Yet Cowper's view of the country around him is always cheerful, and if human nature depresses the poet it is chiefly when, through a fatal melancholy, he broods upon his own. Indoors he has pleasant memories, and out of doors his pictures glow with brightness. Crabbe excels in his sea-pieces; Cowper is the poet-laureate of winter, and almost makes us in love with that crabbed season sacred in his eyes to fireside enjoyments. There is nothing in Crabbe more faithful, there are no descriptions so beautiful, as the well-known pictures in "The Task" of the treasures of the frost; of the cattle standing where the fence screens them from the cold in unrecumbent sadness; of the redbreast flitting from spray to spray and shaking from many a twig the drops of ice, "that tinkle in the withered leaves below"; and of the woodman going to his work in the keen morning air, with his dog that—

Now with many a frisk  
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow  
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,  
Then shakes his powdered coat and barks for joy.

In such passages Cowper shows the closeness of his observation, and his verse, when depicting the rural scenes he loved so well, has not a false note in it. As a painter of men and women he cannot be compared with Crabbe; or rather, if he is as successful in slight sketches, he has not Crabbe's marvellous art in developing a character; and to the craft of the story-teller Cowper makes no pretension. In both poets we see a disregard of the poetical standard set up by Pope; but of the two Cowper is the more independent, and his literary faculty is wider. Crabbe never attempts blank verse, nor the lively verses of society in which Cowper excels. And there is a personal emotion and pathos in the Olney poet quite alien to the genius of Crabbe. The lines on "My Mother's Picture," the lines "To Mary," "The Castaway," and the infinitely tender verses I have already alluded to, in which the poet describes himself as a stricken deer that has left the herd, show the depth of the writer's heart, and have given him a household name with thousands to whom Crabbe is a mere *nominis umbra*. And Crabbe could no more have written "John Gilpin," the "Epistle to Joseph Hill," or the lines descriptive of the happy man, with which "The Task" concludes, than he could have translated Homer.

Two poets distinguished by originality must of necessity walk frequently in separate paths. If Crabbe and Cowper resembled the two brothers in the "Comedy of Errors" they might be curious phenomena; but they would not merit a chapter in the history of English poetry. It is enough for my purpose to show that in a most significant respect they do travel on the same road, and that, although with less concentration and self-consciousness than Wordsworth, and with far less of imaginative power, their poetry has a similar aim. And this is the more necessary since in Wordsworth's systematic defence of his own theory the peculiar merit of these poets is not mentioned. Either Wordsworth overlooked the fact, or refused to acknowledge that Crabbe and Cowper were pioneers in opening up the highway of which he took possession, and on which his power is supreme. J. D.

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. Geoffrey Carr Glyn, eldest son of the Hon. Pascoe Glyn, with the Hon. Winifred Harbord, daughter of Lord Suffield, was solemnised in St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, on July 20. Lord Wolverton, cousin of the bridegroom, acted as best man; and the bridesmaids were the Hon. Judith and the Hon. Nora Harbord, sisters of the bride, and Miss Coralie Glyn, cousin of the bridegroom. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father. Her dress was of ivory-white satin, trimmed with point d'Alençon and trails of orange-blossoms; she wore sprays of the same flowers in her hair, and a tulle veil. The bridesmaids' dresses were of white silk, veiled in Breton fancy lace, and trimmed with white corded ribbon. Their small bonnets were composed entirely of pink and red carnations, and they carried large posies of beautiful pink carnations tied with ribbon of the same colour. Each wore a gold bangle set with diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. The service was choral, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, uncle of the bridegroom, officiating, assisted by the Rev. J. W. Ayre, Vicar of St. Mark's. Lord Suffield gave his daughter away.

At All Saints' Church, Ennismore-gardens, on July 18, was celebrated the marriage between Mr. Abel Smith, M.P., and the Hon. Isabella Brownlow, daughter of the late Lord Lurgan. The bride was given away by her brother, the present Lord; and there were six bridesmaids—Lady Mary Bligh, the Hon. Emmeline Brownlow, Miss Rachel Smith, Miss Isabel Smith, Miss Sullivan, and Miss Hall.

Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., has been promoted G.C.B., Order of the Bath, Civil Division.

A Home and Health Exhibition, in aid of the funds of the Bread and Food Reform League, has been held at Kensington Townhall.

## FLOWER-MYTHS.

Not only those nature-loving poets Wordsworth and Keble, who "far from the madding crowd" breathed forth their tender lays, have sung of those "sweet nurslings of the vernal skies," the flowers, which, whether they clothe with varied colours the hills and meadows of our own dear land, or gleam amid the tropic jungle, still have for all of us a charm beyond the power of words.

Nor need we seek far to find the wherefore, since, from the cradle to the grave, like the very sunshine itself, flowers have become an almost essential part of our existence. Nor is the idea too strained, or the notion too fantastical, that would seek to mark the flight of time upon a floral dial thus: The early morning—when the rosy fingers of the laughing babe clutch at the snowdrop's silver bells. The noon—when, sheltered from the sun's too ardent beams, young lovers, sitting in the leafy shade, exchange some tender blossom, which in perfumed silence speaks the deathless love that is too deep for words! The evening—when, beneath some patriarchal tree, a happy band of children, resting from their play and the hot ramble through the sunny fields, make garlands of the many-coloured autumn leaves to crown a mother's head, where silver threads shine out amid the gold. The night—where in the chamber, with the flickering lights, the air is heavy with a sweet perfume, and waxen hands clasp the white lilies to a breast as white and pure as they.

There are some flowers which, growing as they do beside our paths and homes, seem as if they must be indigenous to our soil, and that, through the ages, their delicate tints and their sweet odour must have delighted the senses of our ancestors as they now intoxicate our own—but this is not so. An authority on such matters tells us that the pink was unknown here till 1567, when it was brought from Italy; lavender came to us about the same time, and the tender perfume of mignonette was first wafted on the breezes of our island home in 1528; indeed, we are told that the majority of our most familiar garden-flowers were introduced into England between 1485 and 1603; while some, coming from Australia, America, and the Cape, though flourishing emigrants now, were total strangers to us when the nineteenth century commenced its course.

Clinging around certain flowers, like the perfume of the rose, even though her petals are withered, there is many a quaint legend and old-world myth which gives an added sweetness to the dainty blossom, and even in this material age, though I fear the number is increasing of those to whom the primrose by the river's brim is a yellow primrose and nothing more, it is pleasant to know that there are still many on whom the violet of a legend will not waste its sweetness.

From a luxuriant growth of varied flower-myths I therefore cull a little posy, taking first a sprig of almond-blossom, that emblem of Hope "whose silver flower blooms on a leafless bough."

The story goes that young Demophoön, the son of Theseus, when returning from the Trojan war, was wrecked upon the shores of Thrace, of which the lovely Phyllis was the queen. Pity for his distress fast ripened into love, and soon the nuptial rite made Phyllis wife to young Demophoön. The happy months sped on, for in the rapture of their new-found love they lived but for each other, and for them Time's footfall was unheard. Demophoön, in a delicious dream of sweet forgetfulness, remembered not that Athens claimed from him a quick return. A rude awakening came: the news was brought him that his father Theseus was dead. In vain the clinging arms of Phyllis sought to hold him back; in vain she pressed him to her yearning heart; in vain her loving voice in tenderest accents bade him stay with her. "I go, my love," he said, "but for a month—a little month; come down unto the sea-shore, then, and you shall see me eagerly returning to thy arms." And thus he went, while with longing, tearful eyes she watched his fast-receding barque. Upon the day that he had named for his return she stood upon the shore, but no white sail gleamed in the sunshine on the rippling sea—not that day nor the next, though faithfully she watched and waited till her heart grew chill. So, night and day, as rooted to the spot, she stood upon the sand gazing for ever on the blue expanse. So passed the weary, weary days of faithful vigil on the barren shore, until the gods, in pity for a love so deep, a constancy that separation could not shake, changed the fair Phyllis to an almond-tree.

After long months the faithless Demophoön returned, to whom was told her fate. Upon the arid sand his contrite tears like rain descended, while from his trembling lips a fervent prayer went up that some sign might be vouchsafed that she whom he had wronged forgave. No voice was heard in answer to his prayer, but, as around the tree he wound his sinewy arms, the barren branch quivered a moment in the stilly air, and the lone almond-tree, responsive to his touch, and as a sign to him that she forgave, put forth her lovely blossoms from the leafless boughs.

Another legend tells us how the nymph Smilax was beloved by the impatient Crocus. Unlike the laggard Demophoön, he could not rest disinterested from his love; so, even when the winds blew coldly, and on the woods and fields was spread the mantle of the snow, Crocus, gaily clad in purple, white, and gold, rushed forth to meet the nymph.

Why thus he should incur the anger of the gods we do not know, but he was changed into that blossom which still bears his name. So evermore, ere yet the sun's warm rays gladden the hills and dales, the crocus may be seen, the petals—purple, white, and gold—gleaming upon the fields of snow, while over yonder, in the quiet churchyard's shade, the mournful Smilax stands in semblance of a yew-tree.

In the sunflower we behold her who once was Clytie, the sea-nymph, whom Apollo, the sun, loved and deserted. She would have died despairing, had not the compassionate gods changed her to the flower on which the sun shines ever—for her constant gaze is always bent on him.

Such are but a few of the fragrant blossoms which have their root in the fertile soil of heathen mythology. But for us there are flowers with far more tender meanings, fraught with the teachings of a faith that cannot die.

Passion-flowers, whose symbolic petals shone on the brows of the early Christian martyrs; roses, white and red, associated with deeds of valour in well-foughten fields; the violet, for ever blended with the memory of the indomitable Napoleon, who knew not defeat till Waterloo; white Juliennes, which the courageous sympathy of a jailor's wife placed on the bench in the ghastly prison where the discrowned widow, Marie Antoinette, awaited her mock trial and bloodthirsty execution; thus in nearly every flower some memory is enshrined, and from it exhales some fragrant legend. How the scent of a flower will often recall with startling vividness some half-forgotten scene—perchance the touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still—bringing back for a delicious moment our lost youth, and reminding us of a time—

When, with child-like credulous affection,  
We beheld the tender buds expand;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection—  
Emblems of the bright and better land! W. G. S.



## THE BASTILLE.

The centenary celebration of the capture of the Bastille, on July 14, did not excite very great popular enthusiasm in Paris; but our Illustration of the model erected to show the aspect of that famous prison, and of the houses that stood near it in the Faubourg St. Antoine, will serve as a memorial of so notable an event. It is not long since we reviewed a new book of diligent historical research, "The Bastille," by Captain the Hon. D. Bingham, two solid volumes containing all the authentic information that can be gathered concerning this old Royal Castle, originally a town fortress or guard-house, built to overawe the turbulent and factious city. The Bastille was subsequently used for the confinement of persons who gave any offence to the Court. The peculiarly obnoxious reputation of the Bastille was due to the habitual abuse of the Royal prerogative in sending to this prison, without trial or legal indictment, at the request of the King's favourites or influential courtiers, or of Princes, Ministers of State, Archbishops, and vindictive female profligates, anyone against whom they had a spite or a grudge. Innocent and honest men were often thus imprisoned, without any means of claiming their liberation by process of law; and some languished in the chambers of the Bastille, forgotten equally by their friends and by their persecutors, to the end of their lives. Their treatment as prisoners, however, was certainly not worse than in the Tower of London under the Tudor reigns; and was incomparably better than that of criminals, or even of debtors, in the ordinary jails either of France or England in the last century.

The capture of the Bastille, as a feat of insurrectionary civil war, is about on a par with the capture of Newgate by the London mob of the Gordon Riots in 1780. No action has been more absurdly exaggerated. But it frightened the advisers of King Louis XVI., because they found that the troops of the Royal Army could not be relied upon to act against the Parisian mob. The attack was led, in fact, by mutineer soldiers of the Gardes Françaises, with the officer Elie at their head; and the Governor, De Launay, with a feeble garrison of Invalides and Swiss, was left without assistance. He and his few soldiers did their simple duty, and were treacherously massacred after their surrender—a fact of which we believe the gallant French nation, under the present Republican Government, is rather ashamed, than disposed to exult in its celebration. The release of the seven prisoners then in the Bastille was the very last consideration to have occurred to the minds of its besiegers, whose chief object was to get hold of the arms and stores of ammunition, with some pieces of cannon, kept in the ancient fortress.

It was very well that the Bastille, which in former ages had been an instrument of tyranny, should be doomed to demolition; and the French Revolution of 1789, if it had stopped short of the orgies of fanatical Jacobinism, would have been an unmingled blessing to the cause of liberty in Europe. But it would not be well, nor does it seem to be the present opinion of serious French Republicans, that the spirit of homicidal fury and wanton destructiveness should now be revived by the glorification of ferocious acts of slaughter, and of brutal insults to the disarmed Royalty which had lost its power to govern.

## THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR.

Two hundred years have passed since armies fought a battle on the soil of England: neither foreign invasion nor domestic rebellion has raised its standard over a military force in this country, except that of the Jacobites with Prince Charles Edward Stuart in 1745, whose advance from Carlisle, through Preston and Manchester, to Derby, was attended with no important field action. The retreat of the Pretender to Scotland, where he had already been hailed as conqueror, enabled him to win, at Falkirk, another notable victory, and to

about the country for two or three weeks, to Glastonbury, Wells, and Shepton Mallet, and to within a short distance of Bristol and Bath, thence to Frome and back to Bridgewater, was soon in a helpless plight.

The army of King James, commanded by Lord Feversham, with Colonel John Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, one of the most famous masters of the art of war, as second in command, was composed of some of the best English troops. The King's Foot Guards, the Life Guards, and the Blues formed part of this force, which numbered four thousand. It approached the town of Bridgewater from the east, occupying the little villages or hamlets of Weston Zoyland, Middlezoy, and Chedzoy, in the wide tract of marsh-meadow flats extending far to the north-east from the right bank of the muddy river Parret. Monmouth, with characteristic foolhardiness, resolved to try his fate by a night march from the town, nearly six miles by a circuitous road, with a view to attacking the camp of the King's troops before day-break on the morning of July 6; but he had neglected to obtain a correct knowledge of the ground. Instead, therefore, of rushing into the camp by surprise, he was stopped by a long and deep trench full of water, called the "Bussex Rhine," the existence of which he might have learned by inquiry of any peasant in the neighbourhood. The King's troops were aroused, and opened fire on their assailants; one or two regiments, with the cavalry, presently got on the flanks of Monmouth's huddled and confused band, which was quickly cut to pieces or scattered in frantic flight. The action lasted not much above an hour:

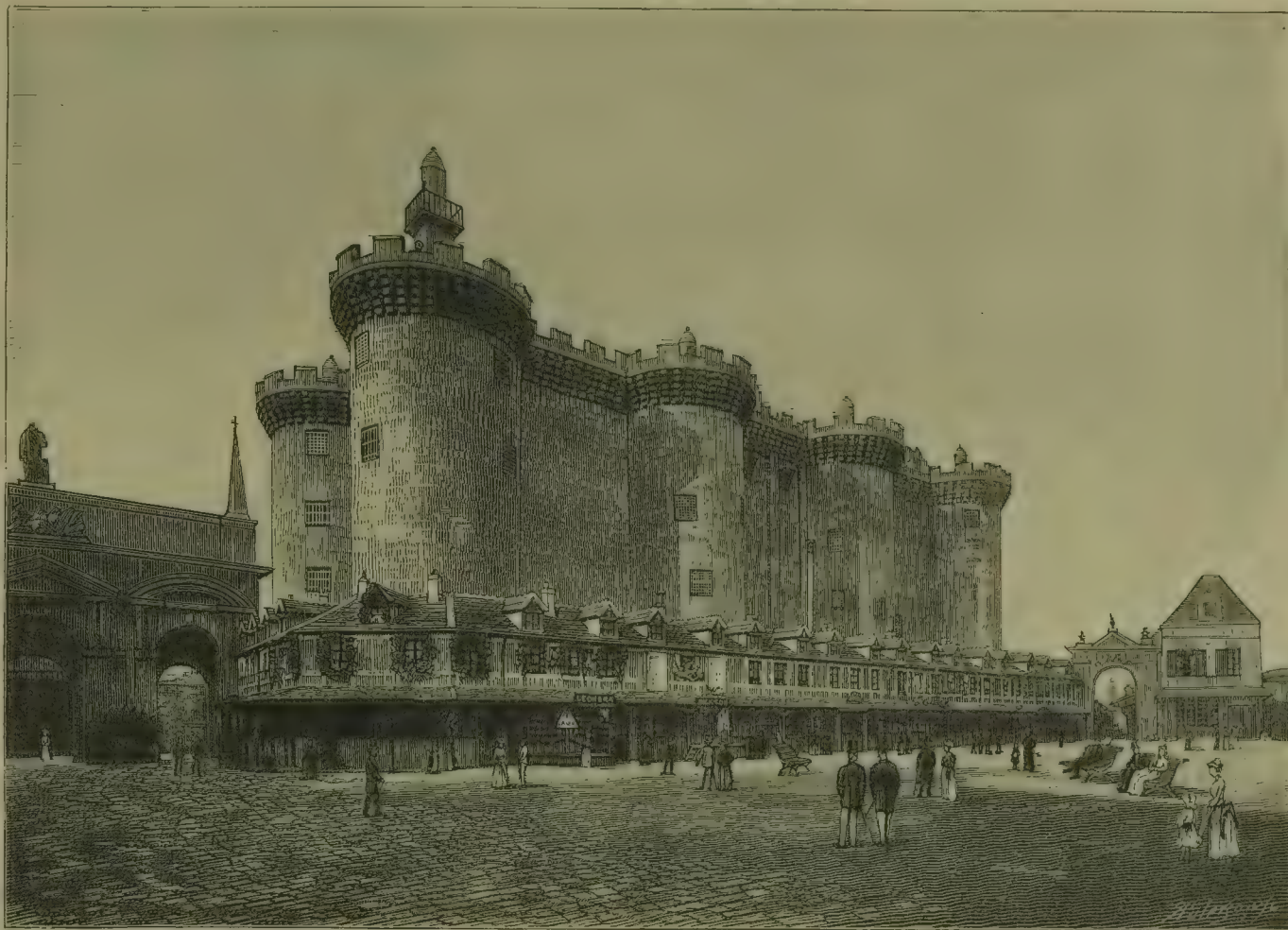
more than a thousand rebels were slain. Bridgewater, Taunton, and the other towns which had received Monmouth as King were occupied without resistance. Monmouth fled through Dorsetshire and Wiltshire to Hampshire, but was captured hiding in a ditch near Ringwood, and was beheaded at the Tower of London. The cruel severities practised on his unhappy followers in Somersetshire, at first by Colonel Kirk at Taunton, and afterwards in the "Bloody Assize" of Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, need not be described in this Journal; since our readers have had the opportunity of perusing Mr. Walter Besant's interesting historical romance entitled "For Faith and Freedom."

Sir William Jenner has advised the Queen to give up champagne and claret for the present, and to drink whisky and Apollinaris water.—*Truth*.

The Duke of Portland has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Caithness, in the room of the late Earl of Caithness.

An entire share in the Adventurers' Moiety of the estates and interests in the New River has been sold at auction. The first bid was £80,000, and after a spirited contest the lot was knocked down for £122,800, to Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Secretary of the Prudential Assurance Company.

The Russian papers report that some exceedingly rich veins of gold, producing about two ounces of pure metal to the ton and a half of sand, have been struck in the Chinese gold-diggings at Yeltuga or Mokho. Steam machinery has been imported from America, and skilled workmen obtained from Shanghai. Excellent shops, a theatre, and even hotels have been built at Yeltuga.



MODEL OF THE BASTILLE AND THE QUARTER OF ST. ANTOINE, PARIS.

attempt the siege of Stirling; but on April 16, 1746, at Culloden, his army was finally routed, putting an end to the last outbreak of civil war in Great Britain.

The Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, in 1685, against the accession of his uncle, King James II., was less formidable than that of the Jacobites in 1745, although it was followed, in little more than three years, by the downfall of the Stuart monarchy. As the head of a revolution inspired by the principles of the Protestant religion and of constitutional freedom, the illegitimate son of Charles II., the vain and foolish "Absalom" of his time, had no personal qualifications for success. His chief supporters were rash and desperate Scotchmen, with some Presbyterian fanatics, and several notorious traitors. No respectable English politicians lent any countenance to his attempt, which had little in common with the subsequent revolution in favour of William of Orange.

Monmouth's brief and inglorious campaign in Somersetshire is scarcely worth narrating in detail, and occupies but a few pages in Macaulay's "History." With a few hundred men, led by Lord Grey of Wark, Fletcher of Saltoun, Ferguson, Wade, and one or two German officers, he landed on June 11, from three small Dutch vessels, at Lyme Regis, on the Dorsetshire coast. After a skirmish with the militia at Bridport, he marched by Axminster to Taunton and Bridgewater. He was proclaimed King on June 20, and was joined by some townsmen, farmers, and labourers, to the number of five or six thousand. They were very ill-armed, many of them having only rude pikes, scythes, or pitchforks, and those who had muskets could get little ammunition. Their cavalry rode horses taken from the plough, and there was no artillery, nor any military stores or equipments. Not one of the officers was capable of command; and this untrained rabble, wandering



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF SEDGEMOOR: THE LAST BATTLE FOUGHT ON ENGLISH GROUND.



## BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

*[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]*

## CHAPTER II.

THE MAN SHE REFUSED.



MOUNTJOY had decided on travelling to Honeybuzzard, as soon as he heard that Miss Henley was staying with strangers in that town. Having had no earlier opportunity of preparing her to see him, he had considerably written to her from the inn, in preference to presenting himself unexpectedly at the doctor's house. How would she receive the devoted friend, whose proposal of marriage she had refused for the second time, when they had last met in London?

The doctor's place of residence, situated in a solitary by-street, commanded a view, not perhaps encouraging to a gentleman who followed the medical profession: it was a view of the churchyard. The

door was opened by a woman-servant, who looked suspiciously at the stranger. Without waiting to be questioned, she said her master was out.

Mountjoy mentioned his name, and asked for Miss Henley. The servant's manner altered at once for the better; she showed him into a small drawing-room, scantily and cheaply furnished. Some poorly-framed prints on the walls (a little out of place perhaps in a doctor's house) represented portraits of famous actresses, who had been queens of the stage in the early part of the present century. The few books, too, collected on a little shelf above the chimney-piece, were in every case specimens of dramatic literature. "Who reads these plays?" Mountjoy asked himself. "And how did Iris find her way into this house?"

While he was thinking of her, Miss Henley entered the room.

Her face was pale and careworn; tears dimmed her eyes when Mountjoy advanced to meet her. In his presence, the horror of his brother's death by assassination shook Iris as it had not shaken her yet. Impulsively, she drew his head down to her, with the fond familiarity of a sister, and kissed his forehead. "Oh, Hugh, I know how you and Arthur loved each other! No words of mine can say how I feel for you."

"No words are wanted, my dear," he answered tenderly. "Your sympathy speaks for itself."

He led her to the sofa and seated himself by her side. "Your father has shown me what you have written to him," he resumed; "your letter from Dublin and your second letter from this place. I know what you have so nobly risked and suffered in poor Arthur's interests. It will be some consolation to me if I can make a return—a very poor return, Iris—for all that Arthur's brother owes to the truest friend that ever man had. No," he continued, gently interrupting the expression of her gratitude. "Your father has not sent me here—but he knows that I have left London for the express purpose of seeing you, and he knows why. You have written to him dutifully and affectionately; you have pleaded for pardon and reconciliation, when he is to blame. Shall I venture to tell you how he answered me, when I asked if he had no faith left in his own child? 'Hugh,' he said, 'you are wasting words on a man whose mind is made up. I will trust my daughter when that Irish lord is laid in his grave—not before.' That is a reflection on you, Iris, which I cannot permit, even when your father casts it. He is hard, he is unforgiving; but he must, and shall, be conquered yet. I mean to make him do you justice; I have come here with that purpose, and that purpose only, in view. May I speak to you of Lord Harry?"

"How can you doubt it!"

"My dear, this is a delicate subject for me to enter on."

"And a shameful subject for me!" Iris broke out bitterly. "Hugh! you are an angel, by comparison with that man—how debased I must be to love him—how unworthy of your good opinion! Ask me anything you like; have no mercy on me. Oh," she cried, with reckless contempt for herself, "why don't you beat me? I deserve it!"

Mountjoy was well enough acquainted with the natures of women to pass over that passionate outbreak, instead of fanning the flame in her by reasoning and remonstrance.

"Your father will not listen to the expression of feeling," he continued; "but it is possible to rouse his sense of justice by the expression of facts. Help me to speak to him more plainly of Lord Harry than you could speak in your letters. I want to know what has happened, from the time when events at Ardoon brought you and the young lord together again, to the time when you left him in Ireland after my brother's death. If I seem to expect too much of you, Iris, pray remember that I am speaking with a true regard for your interests."

In those words, he made his generous appeal to her. She proved herself to be worthy of it.

Stated briefly, the retrospect began with the mysterious anonymous letters which had been addressed to Sir Giles.

Lord Harry's explanation had been offered to Iris gratefully, but with some reserve, after she had told him who the stranger at the milestone really was. "I entreat you to pardon me, if I shrink from entering into particulars," he had said. "Circumstances, at the time, amply justified me in the attempt to use the banker's political influence as a means of securing Arthur's safety. I knew enough of Sir Giles's mean nature to be careful in trusting him; but I did hope to try what my personal influence might do. If he had possessed a tenth part of your courage, Arthur might have been alive, and safe in England, at this moment. I can't say any more; I daren't say any more; it maddens me when I think of it!" He abruptly changed the subject, and interested Iris by speaking of other and later events. His association with the Invincibles—inexcusably rash and wicked as he himself confessed

it to be—had enabled him to penetrate, and for a time to defeat secretly, the murderous designs of the brotherhood. His appearances, first at the farmhouse and afterwards at the ruin in the wood, were referable to changes in the plans of the assassins which had come to his knowledge. When Iris had met with him he was on the watch, believing that his friend would take the short way back through the wood, and well aware that his own life might pay the penalty if he succeeded in warning Arthur. After the terrible discovery of the murder (committed on the high road), and the escape of the miscreant who had been guilty of the crime, the parting of Lord Harry and Miss Henley had been the next event. She had left him, on her return to England, and had refused to consent to any of the future meetings between them which he besought her to grant.

At this stage in the narrative, Mountjoy felt compelled to ask questions more searching than he had put to Iris yet. It was possible that she might be trusting her own impressions of Lord Harry, with the ill-placed confidence of a woman innocently self-deceived.

"Did he submit willingly to your leaving him?" Mountjoy said.

"Not at first," she replied.

"Has he released you from that rash engagement, of some years since, which pledged you to marry him?"

"No."

"Did he allude to the engagement, on this occasion?"

"He said he held to it as the one hope of his life."

"And what did you say?"

"I implored him not to distress me."

"Did you say nothing more positive than that?"

"I couldn't help thinking, Hugh, of all that he had tried to do to save Arthur. But I insisted on leaving him—and I have left him."

"Do you remember what he said at parting?"

"He said 'While I live, I love you.'"

As she repeated the words, there was an involuntary change to tenderness in her voice which was not lost on Mountjoy.

"I must be sure," he said to her gravely, "of what I tell your father when I go back to him. Can I declare, with a safe conscience, that you will never see Lord Harry again?"

"My mind is made up never to see him again." She had answered firmly so far. Her next words were spoken with hesitation, in tones that faltered. "But I am sometimes afraid," she said, "that the decision may not rest with me."

"What do you mean?"

"I would rather not tell you."

"That is a strange answer, Iris."

"I value your good opinion, Hugh; and I am afraid of losing it."

"Nothing has ever altered my opinion of you," he replied; "and nothing ever will."

She looked at him anxiously, with the closest attention. Little by little, the expression of doubt in her face disappeared; she knew how he loved her—she resolved to trust him.

"My friend," she began abruptly, "education has done nothing for me. Since I left Ireland, I have sunk (I don't know how or why) into a state of superstitious fear. Yes! I believe in a fatality which is leading me back to Lord Harry, in spite of myself. Twice already, since I left home, I have met with him; and each time I have been the means of saving him—once at the milestone, and once at the ruin in the wood. If my father still accuses me of being in love with an adventurer, you can say with perfect truth that I am afraid of him. I am afraid of the third meeting. I have done my best to escape from that man; and, step by step, as I think I am getting away, Destiny is taking me back to him. I may be on my way to him here, hidden in this wretched little town. Oh, don't despise me! Don't be ashamed of me!"

"My dear, I am interested—deeply interested in you. That there may be some such influence as Destiny in our poor mortal lives, I dare not deny. But I don't agree with your conclusion. What Destiny is to do with you and with me, neither you nor I can pretend to know beforehand. In the presence of that great mystery, humanity must submit to be ignorant. Wait, Iris—wait!"

She answered him with the simplicity of a docile child: "I will do anything you tell me."

Mountjoy was too fond of her to say more of Lord Harry, for that day. He was careful to lead the talk to a topic which might be trusted to provoke no agitating thoughts. Finding Iris to all appearance established in the doctor's house, he was naturally anxious to know something of the person who must have invited her—the doctor's wife.

## CHAPTER III.

THE REGISTERED PACKET.

Mountjoy began by alluding to the second of Miss Henley's letters to her father, and to a passage in it which mentioned Mrs. Vimpany with expressions of the sincerest gratitude.

"I should like to know more," he said, "of a lady whose hospitality at home seems to equal her kindness as a fellow-traveller. Did you first meet with her on the railway?"

"She travelled by the same train to Dublin, with me and my maid, but not in the same carriage," Iris answered; "I was so fortunate as to meet with her on the voyage from Dublin to Holyhead. We had a rough crossing; and Rhoda suffered

so dreadfully from sea-sickness that she frightened me. The stewardess was attending to ladies who were calling for her in all directions; I really don't know what misfortune might not have happened, if Mrs. Vimpany had not come forward in the kindest manner, and offered help. She knew so wonderfully well what was to be done, that she astonished me. 'I am the wife of a doctor,' she said; 'and I am only imitating what I have seen my husband do, when his assistance has been required, at sea, in weather like this.' In her poor state of health, Rhoda was too much exhausted to go on by the train, when we got to Holyhead. She is the best of good girls, and I am fond of her, as you know. If I had been by myself, I daresay I should have sent for medical help. What do you think dear Mrs. Vimpany offered to do?' 'Your maid is only faint,' she said. 'Give her rest and some iced wine, and she will be well enough to go on by the slow train. Don't be frightened about her; I will wait with you.' And she did wait. Are there many strangers, Hugh, who are as unselfishly good to others as my chance-acquaintance in the steam-boat?"

"Very few, I am afraid."

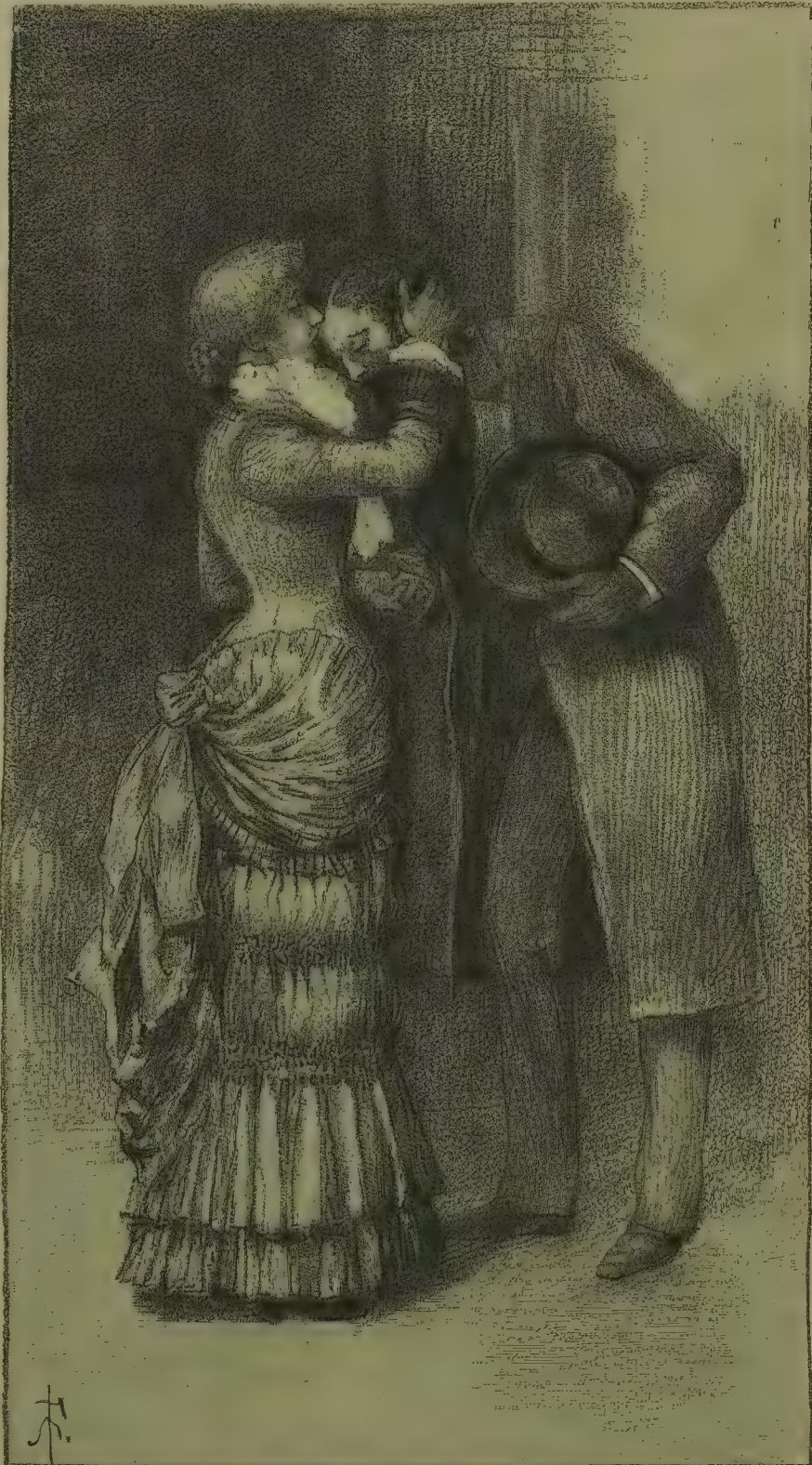
Mountjoy made that reply with some little embarrassment; conscious of a doubt of Mrs. Vimpany's disinterested kindness, which seemed to be unworthy of a just man.

Iris went on.

"Rhoda was sufficiently recovered," she said, "to travel by the next train, and there seemed to be no reason for feeling any more anxiety. But, after a time, the fatigue of the journey proved to be too much for her. The poor girl turned pale—and fainted. Mrs. Vimpany revived her, but, as it turned out, only for a while. She fell into another fainting-fit; and my travelling-companion began to look anxious. There was some difficulty in restoring Rhoda to her senses. In dread of another attack, I determined to stop at the next station. It looked such a poor place, when we got to it, that I hesitated. Mrs. Vimpany persuaded me to go on. The next station, she said, was *her* station. 'Stop there,' she suggested, 'and let my husband look at the girl. I ought not perhaps to say it, but you will find no better medical man out of London.' I took the good creature's advice gratefully. What else could I do?"

"What would you have done," Mountjoy inquired, "if Rhoda had been strong enough to get to the end of the journey?"

"I should have gone on to London, and taken refuge in a lodging—you were in town, as I believed, and my father might relent in time. As it was, I felt my lonely position keenly. To meet with kind people, like Mr. Vimpany and his wife, was a real blessing to such a friendless creature as I am—to say nothing of the advantage to Rhoda, who is getting better every day. I should like you to see Mrs. Vimpany, if she is at home. She is a little formal and old-fashioned in her manner—but I am sure you will be pleased with her. Ah! you look round the room! They are poor, miserably poor for persons in their position, these worthy friends of mine. I have had the greatest difficulty in persuading them to let me



Impulsively she drew his head down.





"I wonder if Mrs. Siddons was really as beautiful as that?" she said, pointing to the print. "Sir Joshua Reynolds is reported to have sometimes flattered his sitters."

contribute my share towards the household expenses. They only yielded when I threatened to go to the inn. You are looking very serious, Hugh. Is it possible that you see some objection to my staying in this house?"

The drawing-room door was softly opened, at the moment when Iris put that question. A lady appeared on the threshold. Seeing the stranger, she turned to Iris.

"I didn't know, dear Miss Henley, that you had a visitor. Pray pardon my intrusion."

The voice was deep; the articulation was clear; the smile presented a certain modest dignity which gave it a value of its own. This was a woman who could make such a commonplace thing as an apology worth listening to. Iris stopped her as she was about to leave the room. "I was just wishing for you," she said. "Let me introduce my old friend, Mr. Mountjoy. Hugh, this is the lady who has been so kind to me—Mrs. Vimpany."

Hugh's impulse, under the circumstances, was to dispense with the formality of a bow, and to shake hands. Mrs. Vimpany met this friendly advance with a suavity of action, not often seen in these days of movement without ceremony. She was a tall slim woman, of a certain age. Art had so cleverly improved her complexion that it almost looked like nature. Her cheeks had lost the plumpness of youth, but her hair (thanks again perhaps to Art) showed no signs of turning grey. The expression of her large dark eyes—placed perhaps a little too near to her high aquiline nose—claimed admiration from any person who was so fortunate as to come within their range of view. Her hands, long, yellow, and pitifully thin, were used with a grace which checked to some extent their cruel betrayal of her age. Her dress had seen better days, but it was worn with an air which forbade it to look actually shabby. The faded lace that encircled her neck fell in scanty folds over her bosom. She sank into a chair by Hugh's side. "It was a great pleasure to me, Mr. Mountjoy, to offer my poor services to Miss Henley; I can't tell you how happy her presence

makes me in our little house." The compliment was addressed to Iris with every advantage that smiles and tones could offer. Oddly artificial as it undoubtedly was, Mrs. Vimpany's manner produced nevertheless an agreeable impression. Disposed to doubt her at first, Mountjoy found that she was winning her way to a favourable change in his opinion. She so far interested him, that he began to wonder what her early life might have been, when she was young and handsome? He looked again at the portraits of actresses on the walls, and the plays on the bookshelf—and then (when she was speaking to Iris) he stole a sly glance at the doctor's wife. Was it possible that this remarkable woman had once been an actress? He attempted to put the value of that guess to the test by means of a complimentary allusion to the prints.

"My memory as a play-goer doesn't extend over many years," he began; "but I can appreciate the historical interest of your beautiful prints." Mrs. Vimpany bowed gracefully—and dumbly. Mountjoy tried again. "One doesn't often see the famous actresses of past days," he proceeded, "so well represented on the walls of an English house."

This time, he had spoken to better purpose. Mrs. Vimpany answered him in words.

"I have many pleasant associations with the theatre," she said, "first formed in the time of my girlhood."

Mountjoy waited to hear something more. Nothing more was said. Perhaps this reticent lady disliked looking back through a long interval of years, or perhaps she had her reasons for leaving Mountjoy's guess at the truth still lost in doubt. In either case, she deliberately dropped the subject. Iris took it up. Sitting by the only table in the room, she was in a position which placed her exactly opposite to one of the prints—the magnificent portrait of Mrs. Siddons as The Tragic Muse.

"I wonder if Mrs. Siddons was really as beautiful as that?" she said, pointing to the print. "Sir Joshua Reynolds is reported to have sometimes flattered his sitters."

Mrs. Vimpany's solemn self-possessed eyes suddenly brightened; the name of the great actress seemed to interest her. On the point, apparently, of speaking, she dropped the subject of Mrs. Siddons as she had dropped the subject of the theatre. Mountjoy was left to answer Iris.

"We are none of us old enough," he reminded her, "to decide whether Sir Joshua's brush has been guilty of flattery or not." He turned to Mrs. Vimpany, and attempted to look into her life from a new point of view. "When Miss Henley was so fortunate as to make your acquaintance," he said, "you were travelling in Ireland. Was it your first visit to that unhappy country?"

"I have been more than once in Ireland."

Having again deliberately disappointed Mountjoy, she was assisted in keeping clear of the subject of Ireland by a fortunate interruption. It was the hour of delivery by the afternoon-post. The servant came in with a small sealed packet, and a slip of printed paper in her hand.

"It's registered, ma'am," the woman announced. "The postman says you are to please sign this. And he seems to be in a hurry."

She placed the packet and the slip of paper on the table, near the inkstand. Having signed the receipt, Mrs. Vimpany took up the packet, and examined the address. She instantly looked at Iris, and looked away again. "Will you excuse me for a moment?" saying this she left the room, without opening the packet.

The moment the door closed on her, Iris started up, and hurried to Mountjoy.

"Oh, Hugh," she said, "I saw the address on that packet when the servant put it on the table!"

"My dear, what is there to excite you in the address?"

"Don't speak so loud! She may be listening outside the door."

Not only the words, but the tone in which they were



spoken, amazed Mountjoy. "Your friend, Mrs. Vimpany!" he exclaimed.

"Mrs. Vimpany was afraid to open the packet in our presence," Iris went on: "you must have seen that. The handwriting is familiar to me; I am certain of the person who wrote the address."

"Well? And who is the person?"

She whispered in his ear:

"Lord Harry."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE GAME: MOUNTJOY LOSES.

Surprise silenced Hugh for the moment. Iris understood the look that he fixed on her, and answered it. "I am quite sure," she told him, "of what I say."

Mountjoy's well-balanced mind hesitated at rushing to a conclusion.

"I am sure you are convinced of what you tell me," he said. "But mistakes do sometimes happen in forming a judgment of handwriting."

In the state of excitement that now possessed her, Iris was easily irritated; she was angry with Hugh for only supposing that she might have made a mistake. He had himself, as she reminded him, seen Lord Harry's handwriting in past days. Was it possible to be mistaken in those bold thickly written characters, with some of the letters so quaintly formed? "Oh, Hugh, I am miserable enough as it is," she broke out; "don't distract me by disputing what I know! Think of a woman so kind, so disinterested, so charming—the very opposite of a false creature—think of Mrs. Vimpany having deceived me!"

There was not the slightest reason, thus far, for placing that interpretation on what had happened. Mountjoy gently, very gently, remonstrated.

"My dear, we really don't know yet that Mrs. Vimpany has been acting under Lord Harry's instructions. Wait a little before you suspect your fellow-traveller of offering her services for the purpose of deceiving you."

Iris was angry with him again: "Why did Mrs. Vimpany never tell me she knew Lord Harry? Isn't that suspicious?"

Mountjoy smiled. "Let me put a question on my side," he said. "Did you tell Mrs. Vimpany you knew Lord Harry?" Iris made no reply; her face spoke for her. "Well, then," he urged, "is your silence suspicious? I am far, mind, from saying that this may not be a very unpleasant discovery. Only let us be sure first that we are right."

With most of a woman's merits, Miss Henley had many of a woman's faults. Still holding to her own conclusion, she asked how they could expect to be sure of anything if they addressed their inquiries to a person who had already deceived them.

Mountjoy's inexhaustible indulgence still made allowances for her. "When Mrs. Vimpany comes back," he said, "I will find an opportunity of mentioning Lord Harry's name. If she tells us that she knows him, there will be good reason in that one circumstance, as it seems to me, for continuing to trust her."

"Suppose she shams ignorance," Iris persisted, "and looks as if she had never heard of his name before?"

"In that case, I shall own that I was wrong, and shall ask you to forgive me."

The finer and better nature of Iris recovered its influence at these words. "It is I who ought to beg pardon," she said. "Oh, I wish I could think before I speak; how insolent and ill-tempered I have been! But suppose I turn out to be right, Hugh, what will you do then?"

"Then, my dear, it will be my duty to take you and your maid away from this house, and to tell your father what serious reasons there are"—He abruptly checked himself. Mrs. Vimpany had returned; she was in perfect possession of her lofty courtesy, sweetened by the modest dignity of her smile.

"I have left you, Miss Henley, in such good company," she said, with a gracious inclination of her head in the direction of Mountjoy, "that I need hardly repeat my apologies—unless, indeed, I am interrupting a confidential conversation."

It was possible that Iris might have betrayed herself, when the doctor's wife had looked at her after examining the address on the packet. In this case Mrs. Vimpany's allusion to "a confidential conversation" would have operated as a warning to a person of experience in the byways of deceit. Mountjoy's utmost exertion of cunning was not capable of protecting him on such conditions as these. The opportunity of trying his proposed experiment with Lord Harry's name seemed to have presented itself already. He rashly seized on it.

"You have interrupted nothing that was confidential," he hastened to assure Mrs. Vimpany. "We have been speaking of a reckless young gentleman, who is an acquaintance of ours. If what I hear is true, he has already become public property; his adventures have found their way into some of the newspapers."

Here, if Mrs. Vimpany had answered Hugh's expectations, she ought to have asked who the young gentleman was. She merely listened in polite silence.

With a woman's quickness of perception, Iris saw that Mountjoy had not only pounced on his opportunity prematurely, but had spoken with a downright directness of allusion which must at once have put such a ready-witted person as Mrs. Vimpany on her guard. In trying to prevent him from pursuing his unfortunate experiment in social diplomacy, Iris innocently repeated Mountjoy's own mistake. She too seized her opportunity prematurely. That is to say, she was rash enough to change the subject.

"You were talking just now, Hugh, of our friend's adventures," she said; "I am afraid you will find yourself involved in an adventure of no very agreeable kind, if you engage a bed at the inn. I never saw a more wretched-looking place."

It was one of Mrs. Vimpany's many merits that she seldom neglected an opportunity of setting her friends at their ease.

"No, no, dear Miss Henley," she hastened to say; "the inn is really a more clean and comfortable place than you suppose. A hard bed and a scarcity of furniture are the worst evils which your friend has to fear. Do you know," she continued, addressing herself to Mountjoy, "that I was reminded of a friend of mine, when you spoke just now of the young gentleman whose adventures are in the newspapers. Is it possible that you referred to the brother of the present Earl of Norfolk? A handsome young Irishman—with whom I first became acquainted many years since. Am I right in supposing that you and Miss Henley know Lord Harry?" she asked.

What more than this could an unprejudiced mind require? Mrs. Vimpany had set herself right with a simplicity that defied suspicion. Iris looked at Mountjoy. He appeared to know when he was beaten. Having acknowledged that Lord Harry was the young gentleman of whom he and Miss Henley had been speaking, he rose to take leave.

After what had passed, Iris felt the necessity of speaking privately to Hugh. The necessary excuse presented itself in the remote situation of the inn. "You will never find your way back," she said, "through the labyrinth of crooked streets in this old town. Wait for me a minute, and I will be your guide."

Mrs. Vimpany protested. "My dear! let the servant show the way."

Iris held gaily to her resolution, and ran away to her room. Mrs. Vimpany yielded with her best grace. Miss Henley's motive could hardly have been plainer to her, if Miss Henley had confessed it herself. "What a charming girl!" the doctor's amiable wife said to Mountjoy, when they were alone. "If I were a man, Miss Iris is just the young lady that I should fall in love with." She looked significantly at Mountjoy. Nothing came of it. She went on: "Miss Henley must have had many opportunities of being married; but the right man has, I fear, not yet presented himself." Once more her eloquent eyes consulted Mountjoy, and once more nothing came of it. Some women are easily discouraged.



She left the room without opening the packet.

Impenetrable Mrs. Vimpany was one of the other women; she had not done with Mountjoy yet—she invited him to dinner on the next day.

"Our early hour is three o'clock," she said modestly. "Pray join us. I hope to have the pleasure of introducing my husband."

Mountjoy had his reasons for wishing to see the husband. As he accepted the invitation, Miss Henley returned to accompany him to the inn.

(To be continued.)

#### ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN AUGUST.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Jupiter during the evening hours of the 7th. The planet is due south at 8h 49m p.m., and the Moon three minutes later. The Moon sets at 54 minutes after midnight. She is to the right and near Venus on the morning of the 23rd. She is near Mars on the mornings of the 24th and 25th, being right of the planet on the former and left on the latter morning. She is near Saturn on the morning of the 26th, and near Mercury on the 27th. Her phases or times of change are:—

First Quarter on the	4th	at 27 minutes after	1h	in the afternoon.
Full Moon	" 11th	" 43	" 4	" morning.
Last Quarter	" 18th	" 52	" 10	" morning.
New Moon	" 26th	" 0	" 2	" afternoon.

She is nearest the Earth on the morning of the 9th, and most distant on the morning of the 21st.

Mercury rises on the 5th at 4h 9m a.m., or 22 minutes before sunrise; on the 8th at 4h 34m a.m., or 2 minutes before sunrise. He sets on the 10th at 7h 48m p.m., or 17 minutes after sunset; on the 15th at 7h 47m p.m., or 26 minutes after the Sun; on the 20th at 7h 41m p.m., or 30 minutes after the Sun; on the 25th at 7h 34m p.m., or 33 minutes after sunset; on the 30th at 7h 24m p.m., or 33 minutes after sunset. He is in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 7th, is near Saturn on the 11th, near the Moon on the 27th, and in descending node on the 31st.

Venus is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 1h 0m a.m., on the 10th at 1h 3m a.m., on the 20th at 1h 13m a.m., and on the 30th at 1h 21m a.m. She is near the Moon on the 23rd.

Mars rises on the 1st at 3h 36m a.m.; on the 9th at 3h 4m a.m., or 1h 34m before sunrise; on the 19th at 3h 2m a.m., or 1h 50m before the Sun; and on the 29th at 2h 59m a.m., or 2h 9m before the Sun. He is near the Moon on the 24th.

Jupiter is due south on the 1st at 9h 14m p.m., on the 15th at 8h 16m p.m., and on the 30th at 7h 17m p.m. He sets on the 1st at 1h 15m a.m., on the 9th at 0h 39m a.m., on the 18th at 11h 58m p.m., and on the 28th at 11h 19m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 7th.

Saturn souths on the 17th at noon. He sets on the 1st at 8h 21m p.m., or 35 minutes after sunset; on the 9th at 7h 53m p.m., or 21 minutes after sunset; on the 19th at 7h 16m p.m., or 3 minutes after sunset; on the 20th at 7h 12m p.m., or 1 minute after sunset; and after this day he sets before the Sun. He rises on the 19th at 4h 36m a.m., or 16 minutes before sunrise; and on the 29th at 4h 3m a.m., or 1h 5m before the Sun. He is in conjunction with the Sun on the 16th, and near the Moon on the 26th.

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#### SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

##### "THE ROSY TIME OF THE YEAR."

Not so very long ago I heard a voice trilling that old ballad "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Toon" while I sat in a garden watching the insects intent on their work of flower-fertilisation. "The rosy time of the year," thought I, has in very truth arrived; for the roses were blooming by hundreds, and the bees and butterflies were making hay while the sun shone, all in their own peculiar fashion. One's thoughts rushed off at a tangent from the ballad and its familiar line to dwell upon this great work of insects in fertilising plants. They tell us that science is now being taught in our schools, and that even the ordinary young lady (who, as regards a knowledge of Nature, is rather a colourless personage at best) will "prattle about protoplasm" after dinner in the drawing-room. But knowledge lingers and wisdom lags behind, in my experience at least, as regards some very common phenomena of our world. I cannot resist adding the remark that people who know nothing of science miss a vast deal of pleasure, and scarcely reap the benefit of even an ordinary holiday. Take, for example, the British tourist who "does" Switzerland, and also "does himself up" thereafter by reason of his unwise gadding about at breakneck speed through the length and breadth of the land. He sees glaciers, but knows nothing of their strange history or marvellous action. To him, Tyndall's little book on "Forms of Water" is unknown; and if you attempted to talk to him at a Swiss table d'hôte about Faraday and the regelation theory, or of erratic boulders and the great Ice Age, whereof he sees a survival from the hotel window, he would possibly vote you a social nuisance, and consider that your advocacy of science entitled you to be regarded as a veritable bore. Yet my unscientific friend of the table d'hôte is really missing a vast treat. He sees, but understands not, and all for want of a *soupon* of that scientific leaven which soon softens the whole lump of our ignorance of the fair world in which we dwell.

Once upon a time, I offended a very Charming Person by boldly declaring that you could arrive at the end of the ordinary young man's or woman's intellect in, say, about five minutes. When once you have disposed of the last novel from Mudie's—she read "Robert Elsmere" in an hour, and didn't understand it—when you have inquired her opinion of, say, "The Yeomen of the Guard," or Mr. Willard as Jim the Penman; when you have asked her (or him) where she (or he) is going for a holiday—and, finally, when you have put the momentous question, "Have you seen the Shah?" you come to the end of the intellectual tether of ten persons out of twelve. This is not a paper devoted to self or other adulation, I trust, but I must really enter a protest against the marvellous want of education—nay, I should say culture—which the middle and upper classes of our land exhibit. I am not concerned with 'Arry Scroggins and 'Arriet (of Drury-lane and Hampstead Heath, the latter on Bank holidays), because they have still to master the three R's, and to learn the ways and means of knowing. But that our middle and upper classes are woefully ignorant of the world in which they live is a statement which nobody can deny; and for the credit of the race I sincerely hope and trust this ignorance is soon going to be dissipated. Consider how much one loses by a lack of knowing about the world. It is a very beautiful planet this of ours, and it is full of wonders. "The very flower you wear in your hair," I might say to the Charming Person aforesaid, "has a story to tell you; and as for the orchid you are wearing in your breast, it is a text for a romance if you only cared to read what that wise Sir Joseph Hooker or Mr. Darwin has written about it. And then there are the insects which in this 'rosy time of the year' are coming to the flowers for fertilising purposes; and there is the life-history of that salmon you are going to catch in Scotland; and there are the brackens you wade through on the moors, all waiting to be studied and coaxed into telling you their story." All this and much more might one say to the Charming Person about science, and the delight of knowing how the world wags in the truest and best sense of the term. But, alas! one's voice sounds very much as if you cried aloud in the wilderness, and as if no man or woman heeded you at all. Yet I take some comfort from the fact that there are a few faithful ones who follow out the ways of Mother Nature, and who delight to read the story of the year. Who was it who said that a life was lived rather by its opportunities for gaining knowledge than in its years? I forget the author, but I know there is a re-echo of the thought in "Festus"; and I would that the Charming Persons, of whom there are so many, and the ordinary young men, of whom there are an over-abundance, might lay the idea to heart. "We get on very well without science," says the Person aforesaid; but my reply is that she doesn't and couldn't live for an hour without experiencing some comfort or convenience which science has placed at the disposal of the race. It is not railways or telegraphs or printing-presses only, but the knowledge of the fair universe also which has to be included in our term "science"; and I repeat that no man or woman is cultured, in Matthew Arnold's sense of the word, who does not know how to read at least a few pages of the wondrous tale which is ever displayed from the rising to the setting of the sun and through the whole night long.

"The rosy time of the year" brings its own pleasures to the scientist. We are preparing for the time of golden reaping. The insects have been seeing to it that the fruits of autumn are duly set a-ripening. *Nulla dies sine linea* is the motto of the garden to-day, and not a bee or butterfly flits past you which does not bespeak a mission of fertilisation and fruiting. By-and-bye, when you cull the apples and the peaches, and when you go gooseberrying and currant and raspberry picking, you will bear the insect-host in mind with gratitude. We owe much of our successful fruiting to the work of these ministers of the world of flowers. They carry out the great principle of the "rosy time" that cross-fertilisation means more seeds and healthier offspring than self-fertilisation; and these things in turn imply a better selection of fruit, and a heavier load to the boughs. If an ardent mind could write a charming volume on a tour round his room, what an opportunity for a graphic pen a walk round a garden might and would present! If the world is not getting day by day more and more absorbed in afternoon-teas, dinner-parties, and at-homes—all very good things in their way, and especially a nice dinner-party—then, say I, let it make the most in an intellectual sense of "the rosy time of the year." "I don't care whether a strawberry is only the succulent end of the flower-stalk," said the Charming Person on occasion when the divine berry, according to Dr. Boteler, was being discussed (with cream), and when I ventured to say how curious it was that people paid ten-and-six a basket for early (very early) ripened ends of stalks. "It tastes just as nice to an ignorant person as to a botanist," added the Person. Yes; but then there is an intellectual side even to strawberries and cream, and there is no saying how far up the ladder of thought you may climb when once you have learned how "the rosy time of the year" evolves your strawberry from the tip of the green flower-stalk.

ANDREW WILSON.



## CLOSE OF THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

A few contests at Wimbledon subsequent to those named in our last issue have to be recorded. Some important ones were decided on July 17. The Kolapore Cup was won by the Canadian team, which defeated the teams of the mother country, Jersey, and Guernsey. For the Wimbledon Cup Major Pearce and Major Heap tied for the first place, but eventually the latter won. In the United Service Cup competition the Volunteers were victorious with 718 points, the Army being second with 677, and the Yeomanry third with 671 points. The Chancellor's Plate, which was competed for by Oxford and Cambridge teams, was won by the latter. The Duke of Cambridge competition fell to Corporal Caldwell, and the Albert Jewel to Lieutenant Oxley.

Beating the best previous record—their own—the Irish team again carried off the Elcho Challenge Shield on the 18th with a total of 1689, defeating England by 5 points and Scotland by 63. In the Ashburton Challenge Shield competition, Charterhouse School was first with a total score of 224 points. The Cadets' Match was won by Winchester, and the Veterans' by Cheltenham, who are generally the winners. For the Spencer Cup and Persian Medal Corporal Richardson, Rugby, Brooke, of Malvern, and Hindley, of Dulwich, made 32 each; but, in shooting off the tie, Richardson scored 13, as against his opponents' 12.

The 19th was a finishing-up day. The ties for the Association Cup were shot off, and the cup was won by Mr. Rigby, who scored all bulls, seven in succession. The Olympic was won by Major Pearce, the Dudley by Captain Mellish, and the Bass Prize by Captain Gibson. In the Loyd-Lindsay mounted competition the winners of the first prize were the Ayrshire Second Team.

There were but two competitions on the 20th—the Cyclists' prizes—the first of which was won by the London Rifle Brigade, and the second by the 1st West Surrey; and the Royal Cambridge Shield. For this, six teams of the regular Cavalry competed. The 16th Lancers won the shield with £25, the second and third prizes being taken by the 14th and the 11th Hussars respectively. On the conclusion of the contests, the prizes were distributed by the Countess of Wharncliffe. Mr. Edward Ross, the winner of the Queen's Prize at the first meeting thirty years ago, and Mr. Reid, of the Lanark Engineers, who has achieved the same distinction this year, were received with much cheering, and what will most probably be the last gathering of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon was brought to a close.

## THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.

The new buildings of the Royal Naval School at West Chislehurst Park, Kent, were opened on July 17 by Prince George of Wales. The school was originated in 1831, and first opened at Camberwell in 1833. Ten years later the foundation-stone of the premises at New-cross, which they have occupied till now, was laid by Prince Albert; but the Royal Naval School is now removed to Chislehurst, in consequence of those buildings having been purchased by the Goldsmiths' Company. The foundation-stone of the New-cross building has been brought to the new school, and fixed in its new place.

Prince George was received by Admiral Lord Clanwilliam. The Archbishop of Canterbury opened the proceedings with prayer, and the head-master read an address of welcome, to which his Royal Highness made a suitable reply. Prince George referred to some of the many pupils of the school who have achieved distinction, naming first Lieutenant-General Henry Kent, who was the head of the school when the first stone of the building at New-cross was laid, and who was present there now as a vice-president; secondly, the late Professor Drew, to whom the Royal family were much indebted as tutor to both Prince Albert Victor and Prince George. His Royal Highness announced that the Drapers' and the Salters' Companies, in a generous spirit which he trusted would be imitated by other City Companies, had each founded a scholarship for the school.

Among the directors present were Lord Clanwilliam, Vice-Admiral Beamish, Canon Carver, Rev. J. C. Cox-Edwards, Ven. Archdeacon Cheetham, Captain the Hon. E. S. Dawson, Sir Lambton Loraine, Sir R. Meade, Sir F. Richards, and Mr. J. W. S. Meiklejohn. A large number of visitors were also present.

A new clock has been made for the parish church at Ashton-under-Lyne by Mr. J. W. Benson (church turret clock maker to her Majesty the Queen), of Ludgate-hill and Old Bond-street, London. It is made with all the latest improvements, and shows the time upon four copper dials 8 ft. each in diameter, and chimes the celebrated St. Mary's, Cambridge, quarters upon the sixth, seventh, eighth, and eleventh bells of a peal of twelve, and the hours upon the tenor, which weighs 28 cwt.

For a period of ten years, with but one or two intervals, the Church of England Sunday-School Institute has arranged annual gatherings at the Crystal Palace of children connected with Sunday schools, and not the least successful was that which took place on July 22, when the children, assisted by their teachers and members of the Church choirs, contributed largely to the attractive programme of entertainments. The chief object of the Institute in thus periodically bringing the children together is to promote the knowledge of vocal music, especially in Church schools, and, judging from the manner in which the 5000 juvenile performers, who filled the Handel orchestra, acquitted themselves, and the hearty applause with which their vocal efforts were received by the large audience, there seems to be every reason why the promoters should be satisfied with the result of their efforts.

The Earl of Denbigh has instructed his agent to return 10 per cent on their rents to the whole of his agricultural tenantry in Cheshire and Flintshire.

The lectureship in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, which was recently vacated by Mr. Edmund Gosse, has been conferred on Mr. John Wesley Hales, Professor of English Literature at King's College, London.

The Opera (Limited) is a new company formed to work Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket. The capital is £50,000, in 2500 shares of £20 each. It is stated that an influential subscribers' committee is in course of formation for the opera season, next year, under the presidency of the Earl of Cork and Orrery.

The Lords of the Admiralty entertained a numerous and distinguished company at luncheon in the Painted Hall of the Royal Hospital, Greenwich, on July 20, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the boys of the Royal Hospital School by her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne).

## THE SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL SOCIETY.

Prince George of Wales, attended by Captain Stephenson, R.N., on July 15 performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new branch hospital at the Royal Victoria and Albert Docks, in connection with the Seamen's Hospital Society. That Society, which was established so long ago as 1820, has afforded relief to nearly 140,000 in-patients, mostly seamen belonging to merchant-vessels of all nations entering the Thames and engaged in the trade of the Port of London. Its beneficent operations were, during forty years, associated



NEW BRANCH HOSPITAL OF THE SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL SOCIETY, VICTORIA AND ALBERT DOCKS.

with the name of the old three-decker, H.M.S. Dreadnought, which was moored off Greenwich to serve as a hospital ship from 1830 to 1857, when its place was taken by H.M.S. Caledonia, and this ship was afterwards called the Dreadnought. In 1870, when the naval pensioners quitted their old abode in Greenwich Hospital, a portion of the stately and commodious buildings on shore forming the Infirmary, with suitable offices, was given up to the Seamen's Hospital. Two dispensaries for outdoor patients, one near the London Dock, the other at Gravesend, have since been established by the Committee of the Seamen's Hospital Society.

The accommodation for in-patients at the Greenwich Hospital, with its 225 beds, has for some time past been found inadequate to the needs of the great number of seafaring men in a long stretch of the river far below London, and especially below Blackwall, in the neighbourhood of the Albert and Victoria Docks. There are over 80,000 sailors passing in and out of the Docks every year, and a large population is growing up about Canning Town and in the immediate vicinity of the Docks. Many accidents occur, in which the men injured have to be conveyed a long distance, often causing both danger and suffering. The Committee of the Society therefore resolved to establish a branch or auxiliary Hospital on a site close to the Victoria and Albert Docks, and nearly three miles from any other hospital. This branch will contain fourteen beds, and will have a large out-patient department. Arrangements will be made for conveying, by ambulance, convalescent and slighter cases to the Hospital at Greenwich. It is estimated that the cost of the new building will be about £5000, and that it will cost £1000 per annum to maintain. We recommend this object to public support in the shape of increased subscriptions to the funds of the Seamen's Hospital Society.

At cricket Kent defeated Yorkshire by an innings and 106 runs. The match between Surrey and Sussex at Brighton was closely contested, the former winning the game with three wickets to spare. The match between the Gentlemen of Surrey and the Gentlemen of Philadelphia at Kennington Oval ended in a draw. A two-days match at Chelsea between



NEW BUILDINGS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL, WEST CHISLEHURST.

the Household Brigade and the Royal Artillery terminated in the victory of the latter. At Stockport, Staffordshire beat Cheshire by six wickets.

An interesting presentation of special rewards given by the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society was made on July 19 at the London Sailors' Home, Dock-street, E., by Admiral J. C. Prevost, chairman of the society's committee of management, in the presence of a large gathering of the friends of the recipients, with many sailors and others. The rewards consisted of the Emile Robin grants of £20 in each of the two following cases—namely, (1) to Captain Hamilton Murrell and Chief Officer Thomas Frank Gates, of the Atlantic Transport Line steam-ship Missouri, of London, for rescue at sea on April 6, 1889, of the master and crew of sixty-nine, with 665 passengers, 735 persons in all, from the sinking Danish emigrant steam-ship Danmark, of Copenhagen; and (2) to Captain Thomas Foot and Chief Officer Arthur Thorn, of the National Line steam-ship Holland, of London, for rescue at sea on April 7, 1889, of the master and crew, eleven all told, of the waterlogged and dismantled German barque Emilie, of Geestemunde. In this latter case, the further pecuniary reward of the sum of £14 was accorded from the society to Second Officer Henry Griffiths and the five seamen—Frederick Lemay, James Kelsie, Benjamin Lambert, Frederick Manthrop, and Arthur Holmes—who, with him, manned the boat of the steam-ship Holland effecting the rescue.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Rides and Studies in the Canary Islands.* By Charles Edwardes, Author of "Letters from Crete" (T. Fisher Unwin).—Since the publication of Mrs. J. H. Stone's two volumes, "Teneriffe and its Six Satellites," about two years ago, English visitors to Orotava have become numerous; and the sanitary advantages of that place for the winter and spring residence of invalids are fully recognised. The island of Teneriffe, with its port of Santa Cruz, frequented by several of the best-appointed lines of ocean steam-ships, is quite as accessible as Madeira; and the climate and scenery of the valley of Orotava cannot fail to be equally attractive, now that comfortable hotels are established there. To explore not only this island but also that of Grand Canary and that of Palma, situated respectively west and east of Teneriffe at distances between thirty and fifty miles, is more than can be accomplished by ordinary visitors. Mrs. Stone and her husband managed it very well, and Mr. Charles Edwardes has performed the same tour, including the ascent of the famous Peak. We read the whole of Mrs. Stone's book, which is considerable in quantity, with interest and gratification; but to those who would prefer a work of less bulk, describing mostly the identical places in the three islands above-mentioned, with their people and something of their history, Mr. Edwardes will give all the knowledge desired, and that in a very agreeable manner. His "Letters from Crete," which have also been noticed by us, were valuable for the instruction they supplied, both concerning the present condition of the Greek and the Mussulman inhabitants, and with regard to the remarkable architectural remains of antiquity, and the sites of ruined cities, on the western coasts of the island. The author has exercised his faculties of keen observation and bright description yet more effectively in the Canary Islands. He is master of a style of prose writing which has distinct literary charm and merit; while his gentle touches of sympathetic, good-natured humour, and his friendly regard for all classes of native folk, are most pleasing characteristics. Mr. Edwardes could talk with them in Spanish, and met with the courtesy and hospitality to be expected of that gentlemanly nation. His tours and excursions on horseback, usually with a single guide, mostly followed the same routes which have been made familiar to us by other travellers. We were already acquainted with the journey from Puerto de Orotava, westward by Realejo, Rambla, Icod, and Garachico, and farther on across the tremendous "barrancos" on the south side of the island. His account of the ascent of the sublime Peak and of the splendid views at sunset and sunrise from high elevations on the central mountain is as good as any that has ever been written. The most remarkable piece of description, however, is that of the Caldera, or huge extinct crater valley in the island of Palma, which would seem to be the finest sight in all the Canary Islands. It may be useful to apprise persons not perfectly conversant with the insular geography that they are to distinguish between La Palma, the separate island, and Las Palmas, the chief town and seaport of the island of Grand Canary. The other islands are Gomera, which is seen from Teneriffe, and its neighbour Hierro; and Lanzarote and Fuerteventura, near the African coast.

*How I Spent my Twentieth Year.* By the Marchioness of Stafford (W. Blackwood and Sons).—The authoress of this observant and intelligent diary of a voyage round the globe, visiting Australia, India, Burma, China, Japan, and California, and crossing North America by land, was a married young lady some time before her "twentieth year." It is recorded in the Peerage that Lady Millicent Fanny Erskine, a daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, was born on Oct. 20, 1867; and that on her seventeenth birthday, in 1884, she was married to Cromartie, Marquis of Stafford, eldest son of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland. Lady Stafford was accompanied, therefore, by her husband, Lord Stafford, who is denoted by "S." in the book, and seemingly also by her brother-in-law, "Francis," Lord Tarbat, during the period of nine months, from October 1886 to Midsummer 1887, occupied in the grand tour which is offered by lines of ocean steam-ships. It was a tour comprising several distant parts of the British Empire, the countries of Eastern Asia, and the United States. In the Colonies and in India, as might be expected, these visitors were received with something more than ordinary civility by persons of high official rank and their families. They were enabled to see pretty well all that is seen by ordinary travellers; and if Lady Stafford's journal, written for her own family and private friends, does not tell us anything more than what is to be found in other published books, we are pleased by its tone and temper, and by the fresh interest that she felt in scenes of which everybody has often heard and read.

*Walks in Holland.* By Percy Lindley.—Much as there is to be seen by the wayside in Holland, few countries, we should say, are less adapted for a walking tour. Mr. Lindley seems to have realised this very early in his experiences, and to have committed himself to railways and waterways with pleasant results. To cyclists, however, he addresses a few useful hints, giving the distances on the principal roads; but he is careful to add that the brick-paved high-roads, "when in good order, do not form a bad surface"; and that the sandy by-roads, "when neither too wet nor too dry, are very fair."

After all, the steam-trams, the steamers, and the railroads, all of which move with deliberation, enable the traveller to see the country without flurry or worry. Holland well deserves to recover the popularity which it occupied among travellers long before the days when Oliver Goldsmith went to Leyden. Its towns can vie with those of any country for quaintness, picturesque costumes still linger in their streets. Above all, the distances are so trifling that a very few days suffice to give the visitor a superficial knowledge of a people and country with which both English and Americans are connected by ties of blood, habit, and interest. To all such Mr. Lindley's pleasantly illustrated little book may be commended as a trustworthy guide.

The Duchess of Albany, at Eastbourne, laid the foundation-stone of the Children's Convalescent Home on July 19.

The Skinners' Company has voted twenty guineas to the Children's Country Holiday Fund.

Ayrshire won the Eclipse Stakes of £10,000 at Sandown Park for the Duke of Portland, from five opponents, of whom Mr. Douglas Baird's El Dorado was second, and Mr. H. Milner's Seclusion third.

Local examinations in music will in future be undertaken by the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, acting in conjunction for that purpose, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales.





AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK: WAITING TO SEE THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER DAUGHTERS.



## VELASQUEZ, THE PAINTER.

*Diego Velasquez and his Times.* By Carl Justi (H. Grevel, King-street, Covent-garden).—Forty years have passed since Richard Ford, the author of the incomparable guide to Spain, expressed his regret that the Germans had not turned their usual accurate and critical industry in the direction of Spanish painting. Since writing thus, English, French, and Spanish historians and critics have in some degree removed the reproach of having neglected one who has been well described as *le peintre le plus peintre qui fût jamais*. In our own country Sir William Stirling Maxwell brought together all the interesting data, as well as the more out-of-the-way details which grouped themselves round the greatest Spanish artist. In France Charles Blanc, Thoré, Lefort, and Théophile Gautier contributed brilliant and appreciative criticisms of the work which stands "superior and alone" in the history of European art. In his own country, moreover, Velasquez' reputation has become more and more widely known and firmly established through the numerous biographical and critical notices which of late years have appeared at Seville, Madrid, and elsewhere. In spite, however, of all these labourers, the field is so vast, the harvest so bountiful, that Herr Justi has found no difficulty, after seventeen years' gleanings, in bringing together the materials for a copious but scarcely well-digested volume, of which the somewhat stilted translation by Professor A. H. Keane is now put before the English reader.

The events of Velasquez' life were never clouded with obscurity, for many of them were related during his own lifetime by his father-in-law, Pacheco; while a detailed biography by the Court painter, Palomino, although appearing sixty years after Velasquez' death, was probably commenced some years before that event, and was certainly inspired by many who had lived on terms of intimacy with the great painter. Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez, to give him his full name, although born in Seville in 1599, was by descent Portuguese; his grandparents having come from Oporto and settled in Spain prior to the birth of their eldest son, Juan, the father of the painter. His more correct name, therefore, would have been Silva, but from an early age he adopted the name of his mother, and usually signed himself Diego de Silva Velasquez. His early aspirations towards art were happily fostered by his liberal-minded father, who speedily discovered that although "he betrayed a decided talent for every branch of knowledge, he showed these qualities in a far higher degree for painting." The only question which perplexed the father's mind was that of the master to whom he should entrust his son's art-training. The stars of the Italo-Spanish firmament were already on the wane; the Flemish influence, of which the Cathedral of Seville contained some fine examples by Alejo Fernandez, was pronounced abominable; and the national school threatened to shipwreck itself in the contortions and unrealities of a learned style. Happily for Spanish art in general, and for Velasquez especially, three painters were to be found in Seville who, in their respective ways, kept alive the traditions of a true and a nobler art. These were Juan de las Roelas, a good draughtsman, a rich colourist, and a master of chiaro-oscuro; Francisco De Herrera, a pure naturalist, full of scorn for the petty theories of the mannerists; and Francisco Pacheco, a man of versatile genius, of dogged resolution, and of thoroughly artistic temperament. After a year's probation with Herrera, Diego Velasquez passed, at the age of thirteen, to the studio of Pacheco, with whom he studied five years, and in 1618 became his master's son-in-law. In the meanwhile he had, with the true instinct of genius, seized upon what was best in each of his masters' work. From Herrera he learnt boldness of style, and from Pacheco delicacy and correctness; but it was from Nature herself that he drew his best and fullest inspirations. He kept a peasant lad who served as his model, making his studies in chalk and charcoal until he acquired absolute accuracy in his postures and likenesses. His first completed work which belongs to this period was "The Water-Carrier of Seville," now to be seen in Apsley House, having been presented to the victor of Vittoria by Ferdinand VII. Another, almost contemporary, work is "The Old Woman and the Omelette," now in the gallery of Mr. Francis Cook (Comde de Monserrat), at Richmond. But Velasquez did not limit his efforts to depicting scenes of daily life. Religious painting, which in the Spanish peninsula occupied such dreary prominence, could not be altogether neglected by one who sought to make his way in his profession. By far the best work of this period, an "Adoration of the Shepherds," is to be found in our own National Gallery.

The accession of the youthful Philip IV. was the advent to power of the Conde de Olivares, whose patronage of arts and letters is the one bright spot in the history of those days. Olivares, moreover, came from Seville; and this fact probably made it easier for the Canon Fonseca to urge the claims of the youthful Diego on the Court favourite. Velasquez was invited, in 1623, to come to Madrid, and fifty ducats were granted to him for his travelling expenses. On his arrival, he set himself at once to work on the portrait of his patron, Fonseca. The very evening of the day on which it was finished, the young Count Peñaranda carried it off to the palace—where, by-the-way, Charles, Prince of Wales, was then on a visit—and here, "in one hour, it was seen by everyone." A month or two later Velasquez painted a life-size equestrian portrait of the King, which, when exhibited in public, fairly took the world by storm. Succeeding generations, however, did not long enjoy the opportunity of comparing this first portrait with Velasquez' subsequent achievement, it having disappeared or been destroyed early in the eighteenth century. Whatever its merits, it sufficed to place Velasquez high in the Royal favour. He was appointed Court painter, lodged in the palace, and received, in addition, the post and allowance of Court physician, chemist, and surgeon; while a special dispensation was obtained from Pope Urban VIII. to enable him to hold an ecclesiastical benefice.

It was soon after his establishment at Court that Rubens paid his visit (1628) to Madrid, and recognised the extraordinary genius of his Spanish rival. The influence of one upon the other is clearly traceable, and it is most marked in the two works, the "Expulsion of the Moors" and the "Borrachos" (or Topers), which were painted about this time.

But Velasquez was not content to remain for ever at Madrid, and a year later we find him starting for Italy, halting first at Venice to study the works of Titian and Tintoretto, and then passing on to Rome, where Guido, Domenichino, and Poussin were ruling the world of Art. Velasquez seems to have lived on intimate terms with these and other painters, but he busied himself chiefly in making sketches of the city and studies of the works of the earlier masters, while sending also to Madrid two large finished works—"The Forge of Vulcan" and "Joseph's Coat," in both of which the influence of the Venetian school was more marked than that of the Roman.

Returning to Spain in the spring of 1631, he resided for the next eighteen years at the Court of Philip IV., producing, either at Madrid or in the greater retirement of Bueno Retiro, those masterpieces of art on which his fame rests. The story of his life during these years of unbroken favour and success

reads like a catalogue, and we, therefore, refer the student for ample details to Herr Justi's work. Velasquez' taste was very catholic. He could paint boar-hunts and drinking bouts, Court festivities and religious subjects, dwarfs and grandes with equal care and interest. For him nature, no matter under what aspect, was always worthy of the highest efforts of art. In Philip IV. he found a friend as well as an appreciative patron, by whom he was promoted to the highest honours, and employed on several important missions, in which his talent as a painter was not called into use. His last public act was as *apostador mayor*, or *quasi* master of the ceremonies, to prepare for the interview between Louis XIV. and Philip IV. which followed on the conclusion of the Treaty of Iruñ (1660). Velasquez carried out his task to his master's complete satisfaction, but his little remaining strength was exhausted, and a few days after his return to Madrid he succumbed.

Herr Justi makes no allusion to the touching death of his widow, who survived her husband only seven days, and, in fact, throughout his volume he is so chary of personal touches and details that we are forced to suppose that his researches in this respect have led to no results. We are obliged to insist upon this defect, although it is in cataloguing the various masterpieces of Velasquez that Herr Justi's book especially falls short. He is so eager to give expression to his admiration, and to display his knowledge as a critic, that he forgets the chief duties of a biographer. The result is the reader is left in hopeless uncertainty as to the chronological sequence of Velasquez' works. Herr Justi makes light of Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's researches, and of the labours of other writers; but, at all events, they are successful in giving that information most needed by students, and, however gladly we welcome any addition to our store of knowledge respecting Velasquez and his times, we can only express the regret that the form in which the fruits of Herr Justi's researches are offered to the public is not more readable and more suitable for ready reference.

## NOVELS.

*A Poor Gentleman.* By Mrs. Oliphant. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—The inheritance of a baronetcy with an entailed estate, and the acquisition of a good lump sum of money, are quite different species of that which to penniless and obscure persons might seem, in either case, a desirable change of fortune. The practical exhibition of their comparative advantages is likely to be interesting to readers whose fancy affects the imaginary problems of English social life. Mr. Edward Penton, as the nearest of male kindred to old Sir Walter Penton, his great country neighbour, cannot escape being heir to the semi-aristocratic title. But as the larger part of Sir Walter's solid wealth is to be given to the old man's daughter Alicia, Mrs. Russell Penton, and the entailed estate yields an insufficient rental, the prospect of residing at Penton House, without money to furnish and keep up such a grand mansion, is rather embarrassing than inviting. This "poor gentleman," with a humble-minded wife and many children, living on a straitened income, shabbily and uncomfortably, at Penton Hook, on the damp and often flooded bank of the river, has yet much family pride; and his son Walter, who is but twenty years of age, cherishes an ambition to become the leading person of the county. Notwithstanding their sentiments of hereditary aspiration to the honours of Penton of Penton, a negotiation set on foot by Cousin Alicia, to get the entail of the estate cut off by mutual consent, for a large and immediate pecuniary compensation, is sullenly accepted by Edward Penton, who knows not how else to obtain the means of educating his sons and daughters. The wife and the girls, Ally and Annie, who are pleasing domestic characters, do not at all wish to exchange their simple homely habits for aristocratic magnificence. They have always been snubbed and neglected by Mrs. Russell Penton, a hard and haughty lady, with a compliant husband and no children, ruling the establishment of her aged father. They would be well pleased to come at once into the enjoyment of moderate riches, with freedom to seek a new abode far from Penton, by the arrangement proposed. Young Walter, on the contrary, resents it as an unworthy sacrifice of his ultimate heritage. Hence a certain degree of estrangement of this rather selfish youth from his affectionate family; and this is aggravated by his juvenile folly of an attachment to a strange girl in the village, whom he meets after dark unknown to his parents, and who is artfully tempting him to a clandestine marriage. She has come from London, being the daughter of a faded and vulgar actress, whose deceased husband was brother to honest old Crockford, a labourer at Penton. Emmy has a graceful figure, and earns her livelihood by putting on fashionable shawls and mantles before customers in the show-rooms of a great drapery shop; she is pretty, clever, sly, theatrical, and not very modest. The innocent family at Penton Hook long remain in perfect ignorance of the snares besetting the imprudent young gentleman. They are so unworldly, in the meantime, as never to think what a capital thing it would be for him to engage the hand of their young visitor, Mab or Miss Russell, who is heiress to great riches. Mrs. Oliphant is happy in her creations of the type of dutiful and unassuming womanhood occupied with gentle household cares, motherly and sisterly tenderness, and the rule of cheerful childhood. The Pentons are engaging examples of this kind of home virtues; and Mrs. Penton, who is destined to become Lady Penton, wins our special regard and sympathy. Nor can we be indifferent to Ally's unwonted experiences at the ball, her first sight of the gay world, or to the impression made on her heart by the frank admirer, Harry Rochford, a prosperous solicitor of Reading, who is a fine fellow, worthy of his ultimate success. The main business, however, is that of the Penton estate and its stately mansion. The aged Baronet, after seeing young Walter and perceiving in him a likeness to his own dead son, declares his intention of providing for the future inheritor of his title, but dies without having executed his will or the deed for barring the entail. This is a severe blow to Cousin Alicia, who has to leave the house after her father's decease, while the "poor gentleman," now Sir Edward Penton, finds himself in possession of a barren and burdensome proprietorship. The position of the family might still be unenviable, if young Walter persisted in throwing away his chances of a respectable establishment. But as he is fortunately soon undeceived and delivered from the intriguing London girl, there is no reason why he should not, when a little older, share the wealth of Mab Russell, bringing an ample endowment to the Pentons of Penton for generations to come.

*Comedy of a Country House.* By Julian Sturgis. Two vols. (Murray).—An obvious ingredient of the comedy of artificial society, with its customary manners and morals, which can probably be studied in a great English country house, when full of visitors, as well as anywhere else, is afforded by the position of a young man suddenly thrust into a lordship uncongenial to his tastes and previous habits. Archie Rayner, the son of a half-pay officer, has been educated at Oxford, but has preferred a wandering life of freedom and

hardy adventure in North America, from which he has been unwillingly recalled by succeeding, very unexpectedly, to the title and estates of Lord Lorillaire. He finds the cumbersome magnificence of Langstone Castle in the custody of his aunt, Mrs. Dormer, and his uncle, Sir Villiers Hickory, prepared to received the homage of the minor county gentry, and to entertain a large company of fashionable guests to whom he must submit to be introduced. These are worldly minded people, with various designs upon him, from the leaders of a political party, Lord Hackbut, Sir Villiers, and the Right Hon. Mr. Palfrey, who mean to secure him as chairman of an election meeting, to Lady Jane Lock, who will have him marry her daughter Elizabeth, or will know the reason why not. The young lord, who hates his title and eschews pomp and luxury, actually choosing to journey alone and on foot through the country, now and then sleeping under a hedge or a haystack, nevertheless on his arrival at the castle behaves like a discreet and docile gentleman, lets his aunt and uncle manage the establishment with ceremonious propriety, but resolves not to lose his personal independence. It is an amusing comedy to see how he breaks through the toils without giving any just cause of offence, while tolerantly regarding the venial errors and follies, the false pretences and scandalous gossip, of some undesired visitors, to whom he extends an indolent passive hospitality without compromising his own principles. An excellent excuse for his firm refusal to become one of the heads of the local Conservative party is furnished by a prying journalist, Mr. Radley Beck, publishing a juvenile essay of Archie's, written at Oxford, in favour of Social Democracy and the abolition of the Land Laws. Lady Jane Lock, the mercenary match-maker, is opposed by two very clever feminine antagonists, Mrs. Chauncey and Mrs. Tom Rutherford. Neither of these ladies, who are both young and attractive, has a directly selfish purpose in view; but while Mrs. Chauncey acts in crafty alliance with Leonard Vale, his lordship's idle cousin and dependant, who seeks to delay any matrimonial engagement that would disturb Vale's own place at the castle, Mrs. Rutherford is inspired with a more generous purpose. This lady, usually called Dora, the wife of an able and learned author, has been Archie's friend from their childhood, and she strives, in fearless innocence, to guard him against the wiles of her sex. Mrs. Dormer calmly looks on, or now and then, in the sweetest voice, transfixes Lady Jane with a smiling sarcasm, which inflicts severe punishment. In the meantime, Lady Jane's daughter, Elizabeth Lock, a noble-minded young woman, revolts against her mother's shameless pursuit of the splendid marriage to be made for her, and rejects the opportunity of becoming Lady Lorillaire when it is first offered. Leaving the castle with the rest of the party, she goes to a lady friend, Miss Grant, who has charitably established a convalescent home for poor patients on the seaside at Strandling, and takes with her a sick child from a cottage at Langstone. Her upright and disinterested character, besides the charms of her person and conversation, have made an impression on Lord Lorillaire, which she had never intended: he goes after Miss Lock, sues for her womanly affection, and gains an excellent wife, likely to reconcile him to his lot as a rich English nobleman, and to help him in doing good. The subordinate parts of the story do not much please a refined judgment; the absurdities of Tony Fotheringham are low caricature, and there is a lack of delicacy in the narrative of Mrs. Rutherford's disagreeable encounter with Leonard Vale. But it is, on the whole, an entertaining novel, though flimsy in conception and slight in grasp of the motives of action.

## LONDON CRIME AND THE LONDON POLICE.

The Annual Report of the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis indicates increasing crime, and shows that the authorised strength of the Metropolitan Police Force, which does not include that of the City, is not equal to the duties imposed upon it. "Crime during the year," says Mr. Monro, "has shown a decided tendency to increase." He accounts for the circumstance partly by the manner in which the attention of the force has been drawn off from its usual duties by such events, for example, as the Trafalgar-square agitation and the murders in Whitechapel. The Commissioner asserts that there has been no relaxation of effort on the part of the police for the suppression of crime, but he declares the force to be "overworked," the consequence being that "crime cannot be coped with in a satisfactory and efficient manner." A total force exceeding 14,000 men seems formidable; but nearly two thousand have to be deducted as employed on special duties for various Government departments, including the dockyards and military stations, and "special protective posts at public offices and buildings." There are also the services required and paid for by public companies and private individuals. More than 2000 men are employed on station duties and on particular duties under various Acts of Parliament. In addition, some are on leave and some are sick; so that at last we come down to just about 9000 police "available for duty in the streets." The greater portion are required for night duty, and "during the day the ordinary beat duty of the whole of the metropolis" devolves on less than 1600 men. To these, however, must be added above 500 at fixed points, and nearly 100 at hackney-carriage stands. The area of the Metropolitan Police District is enormous, "extending from Colney Heath, Hertfordshire, in the north, to Mogadore, Todworth Heath, in the south; and from Lark Hall, Essex, in the east, to Staines Moor, Middlesex, in the west." Mr. Monro goes on to say, concerning the numerical strength of the police: "It will be seen that there is great need for a very considerable augmentation, and this has been so reported by the superintendents." Of the development of crime in the metropolis, the evidence is only too conclusive. The number of criminal offences reported to the police in 1887 was just under 22,000. Last year there was an increase on this number of 2700. It is observable that, while the cases of murder have more than doubled, there being thirteen in 1887, as compared with twenty-eight last year, the convictions have fallen from eight to six. Attempts to murder show an advance, both in the crimes and the convictions. Burglary and house-breaking have been increasingly prevalent, together with the various descriptions of larceny. Embezzlement shows a slight decline, and so does horse-stealing. The increase of arson is remarkable, the cases last year being thirty-five, as compared with seventeen in 1887. A pleasant feature in the report is furnished by the numerous cases in which members of the police force have received special commendation for deeds of bravery or other exceptional service.

Viscount Valentia has been appointed Grand Master Mason of the Province of Berks and Oxon, in the room of the Earl of Jersey, who recently resigned the office.

Mr. Parnell was presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh on July 20, and subsequently addressed a crowded public meeting, which was presided over by the Earl of Aberdeen.



## ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

Man is not alone in his appreciation of the charms of music. Animals which come under its influence often show their liking for it, though among them, as among the lords of creation, there are evidently some to whom the sweetest strains give no pleasurable sensations. A visit to a circus is almost sure to show us that the noblest of all the inferior animals is not insensible to the power of music, and is able to discriminate between its varieties. Horses there may be seen trotting and galloping, advancing and retiring, in accordance with the strains of the orchestra, and even dancing to tunes. It is no uncommon thing to come across a horse which will strike a kettledrum with its fore feet, keeping in perfect time with the music that is being played. Mr. Stephens, in his "Book of the Farm," says: "There was a work-horse of my own which, even at its corn, would desist eating and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears and steady eyes, the instant he heard the note low G sounded, and would continue so to listen as long as it was sustained; and another was similarly affected by a particularly high note. The recognition of the sound of a bugle by a trooper, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack gives tongue, are familiar instances of the power of horses to discriminate between different sounds. They never mistake one sound for another." In the latter part of the seventeenth century Lord Holland, who was noted for his eccentricity, used to give his horses a weekly concert from a covered gallery erected in their stable for the purpose. He contended that listening to good lively music had the doubly beneficial effect of improving their coats and their tempers; and his view of the matter is borne out by a witness of one of these strange concerts, who records that the animals "seemed to be greatly delighted therewith."

Numerous experiments have shown it to be an undoubted fact that elephants are great lovers of music. It seems to have been pretty well established that simple melodies afford these intelligent beasts far more gratification than elaborate harmonies. Naturalists, from Buffon downwards, have noted the elephant's partiality for melodious sounds, and the matter was thoroughly tested once at the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. Several prominent musicians interested themselves in the experiments, and tried their fortunes in exciting the interest of the huge pachyderms. Kreutzer succeeded in apparently gaining their warm approbation for some simple tunes which he played upon the violin; but when he went on to give his audience variations, they were at no pains to conceal the lack of interest that they felt in the performance. An elaborate piece of music, in which several instruments took part, was just as badly received; but when Duvernoy began to play upon the horn it was evident that their sensibilities were thoroughly aroused, and they made efforts to get as near to the performer as possible, showing their enjoyment of his skill in most unmistakable fashion.

More than one traveller in the East has noted among his impressions of that part of the world the surprise he felt on witnessing the cheering effect which music has upon camels. During long and tedious marches the conductors of caravans often comfort these patient creatures by playing to them, and the sound of music has such a good influence upon them that, however weary they may be of their heavy loads, they step out with renewed vigour, seeming literally refreshed by the melody. It has been noticed that while lions appear to enjoy the high notes of a pianoforte, they are greatly disturbed by the low ones. A lion will lie gently waving its tail to and fro as long as the performer keeps his hands among the treble notes, giving every indication of pleasure at the sounds emitted from the instrument; but directly a bass chord is sounded its attitude changes completely. It springs up from the repose which it has maintained during the playing of the higher notes, lashes its tail furiously, and, dashing about its cage, gives utterance to the deepest yells. It is supposed that the low notes sound to this animal like the roar of some rival with whom it wishes to fight. The Arabs have a poetic saying that the song of the shepherd fattens the sheep more than the richest pasture of the plains, and no doubt the proverb has a foundation in fact. In the East shepherds may be often observed singing and piping to the flocks under their charge with a view to making them contented and docile. The Rev. J. G. Wood, whose death has left so wide a gap in the ranks of observers of the animal world, tells of a lamb which delighted in music, and showed a great deal of discrimination regarding it. Cheery tunes, such as those to which quadrilles and polkas are danced, were this little animal's favourites. Anything solemn or of a mournful tendency it plainly disliked. We are told that "it had the deepest detestation for the National Anthem, and would set up such a continuous baa-baa as soon as its ears were struck with the unwelcome sounds that the musician was fain to close the performance, being silenced by mirth, if not pity."

The performing bears which are often to be seen in the streets, and which dance to music, show that these stolid creatures are capable of distinguishing different tunes. Like the circus horses, bears may be taught to beat time with cymbals. So far as the performance of instrumental music is concerned, however, the elephant is probably the most skilled member of the animal kingdom after man. Not very long ago a small elephant was exhibited in London which was a regular orchestra in itself, shaking bells that were attached to its head, and performing on other instruments with forefeet and trunk. Dogs are very differently influenced by music. Some will exhibit signs of the greatest uneasiness when any attempt at it is made in their presence, going so far as to howl in the most melancholy manner at such elementary forms of the divine art as the ringing of church bells. Others, on the contrary, evince the most lively satisfaction when any instrument is played in their hearing. A lady states that a dachshund of hers would jump about, wagging its tail, and showing every sign of joy when she opened the piano; and would lie at her feet while she played, however long she might continue,

growling when she stopped, and endeavouring to keep her at the piano by holding her dress in his teeth. A correspondent of a Sussex paper of some years ago says that he had a friend who lived at Rogate who possessed a favourite spaniel. This dog's master played on the violin, and would often sit practising on one side of the fire, while the dog lay on the other side. It would keep quite still and apparently asleep until "Lucy Neal" was played, and then would jump up and howl in the most agonised manner, calming down again on the substitution of some other piece. No other tune had the same distressing effect upon this dog. Cats do not appear to be so often affected by music as dogs are, though sometimes they display a very decided taste for it. A cat that lived with a family, several members of which played the piano, was never so happy as when sitting on a chair by the side of one of them who was practising. It always sat on the left-hand side of the performer, and would leave its chair and sit on the floor if an attempt was made to settle it opposite the treble notes. Its favourite attitude was to rest one paw upon the last note in the bass and turn its head towards the player. This animal would announce its desire for a little music by walking up and down the key-board, sounding a note here and there until someone came to gratify its wish. Deer are very fond of music. In his "Introduction to Music" Playford says: "Myself, as I travelled some years since, near Royston, met a herd of stags, about twenty, upon the road following a bagpipe and violin. When the music played they went forward, when it ceased they all stood still; and in this manner they were brought up out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court." In the Highlands milkmaids often coax the cows by singing to them. French peasants sing to the oxen which labour in the fields as a matter of course, under the belief that they thus encourage them to work their hardest. A. S.

## THE OLD WHITE HART INN, SOUTHWARK.

"The Old Inns of Southwark" are a subject rich in amusing anecdote and in curious London antiquarian lore, which has been ably treated by Mr. William Rendle in a volume that we had the pleasure of noticing about a twelvemonth ago. That



THE OLD WHITE HART, BOROUGH, THE SCENE OF THE FIRST MEETING OF MR. PICKWICK AND SAM WELLER.

part of the Borough which forms the approach to London Bridge from the high roads through Kent and Surrey was the outer gateway of City traffic, and the resort of arriving or departing travellers, in the reigns of the Plantagenet kings, more abundantly than any other suburb. Chaucer's immortal pilgrims to Canterbury lay at the Tabard, for convenience of early starting in their merry procession on horseback, to ride all day, beguiling the leisurely journey with delightful tales, in fulfilment of a grateful vow, to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket—

The holy blissful martyr for to seek,  
That them hath holpen when that they were sick.

Their jovial host, brave Harry Bailey, who was a real person of the time of King Edward III., a substantial and worshipful citizen, and a member of Parliament, has long ago retired from keeping the Tabard; and the building of Elizabethan or much later date, which stood within our remembrance on the site of the inn known to Chaucer, has been demolished to accommodate modern needs and uses in an important street of South London. Hardly less celebrated was the Old White Hart, probably established in Chaucer's own time, as its name and sign may have been adopted from the badge of King Richard II.'s maternal ancestry. In 1450, when Jack Cade led his formidable band of Kentish insurgents to London, the White Hart was made his lodging and headquarters, as we read not only in Fabyan's Chronicle but also in Shakspeare's play of "King Henry VI."

The original building was destroyed by a great fire, with several other ancient inns of Southwark, in 1676; but that which was then erected on its site was to us of a sufficiently old-fashioned character, with the double tier of wooden galleries on three sides of its courtyard, the great penthouse for the shelter of carriers' wagons and coaches, and the innumerable bells hung over the door of the bar-room. It was at this house, which fifty years ago was still frequented by the gentry of Kent, when they came to London, as well as by commercial travellers, that Mr. Wardle, the genial Squire of Dingley Dell, was accustomed to put up in the days when the leading members of the Pickwick Club made so many interesting acquaintances both in town and country. Miss Rachel Wardle had occasionally been staying at the White Hart with her brother and his daughter: she considered it a safe and respectable family hotel; and therefore, when she listened to the seductive flatteries of Mr. Alfred Jingle, and rashly eloped from her home at Dingley Dell, it was to the White Hart they came, intending to be

married by special license with the least possible delay. The fugitives were pursued, as we know, by Mr. Wardle and Mr. Pickwick, and to this adventure we are indebted for Sam Weller, the most amusing person in the most popular of all Dickens's works, published so long ago as 1837, but still read with fresh gratification.

Sam Weller, be it remembered, was serving as "boots" at the White Hart when the anxious friends of Miss Wardle, assisted by Mr. Perker, the attorney, came to inquire whether she had arrived in that well-known hostelry; and if there had been no White Hart, possibly there might have been no Sam Weller, which would have been a great loss to us all. The White Hart has long ceased to be an inn: it is now being pulled down, and its site will be taken for an extension of the adjacent premises of a firm of hop-factors. There is no Sam Weller, or any man like him, in all London at the present day. Worst of all, there is no Charles Dickens, or any writer like him, as there is no Chaucer and no Shakspeare, in the feeble literature of this latter age.

## SKETCHES AT ZANZIBAR.

The East Coast of Africa, with the neighbouring islands ruled by the Mussulman Sultan of Zanzibar, still occupies a share of public attention, both in England and in Germany. The active hostilities recently commenced by the German naval squadron against the native chiefs on that coast and their slave-trading Arab masters have attracted much notice. We have repeatedly described the port and town of Zanzibar; and our Illustration, from a sketch by Mr. W. Churchill, brother to the late Acting British Consul, represents a scene in the Sultan's palace at the ceremonial reception of visitors. The British squadron, employed on that station to look out for Arab "dhows" engaged in the slave trade, and to protect British interests during the present disturbed state of affairs, has many days of dull waiting for a call to active service. Amusements for the crews and officers are demanded on board Her Majesty's ships; and in the Sketch by Mr. W. J. Frost, ship steward of H.M.S. Garnet, which has left Zanzibar for Bombay, we see the performance of negro minstrels and comic singers affording some diversion to our gallant countrymen on that station, where any harmless diversion is very welcome.

## BENEVOLENT OBJECTS

The committee of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street, Bloomsbury, have received £1000 towards the building fund from Mr. Junius S. Morgan.

Earl Granville opened the new school buildings at Stone, Staffordshire, on July 17, and in the course of his address said one of the most remarkable characteristics of the present reign was what had been accomplished for national education.

A handsome granite drinking-fountain, which has been presented by Mrs. Blundell Maple, the wife of the member for Dulwich, to the Public Recreation Ground, Beckenham-road, Penge, was declared open by that lady on July 20.

The Bishop of Ripon presided at the festival dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, held at the Freemasons' Tavern on July 17. During the past year forty-eight widows and seventeen orphans received annuities amounting in the whole to £1018. Subscriptions amounting to £580 were announced.

Lady George Hamilton, who was accompanied by her husband, opened the Acton Public Park and Recreation Ground on July 17. The ground comprises eighteen acres, which have been purchased by the Local Board at a cost of £18,000, towards which the Goldsmiths' Company, who were part owners of the land, contributed £5000.

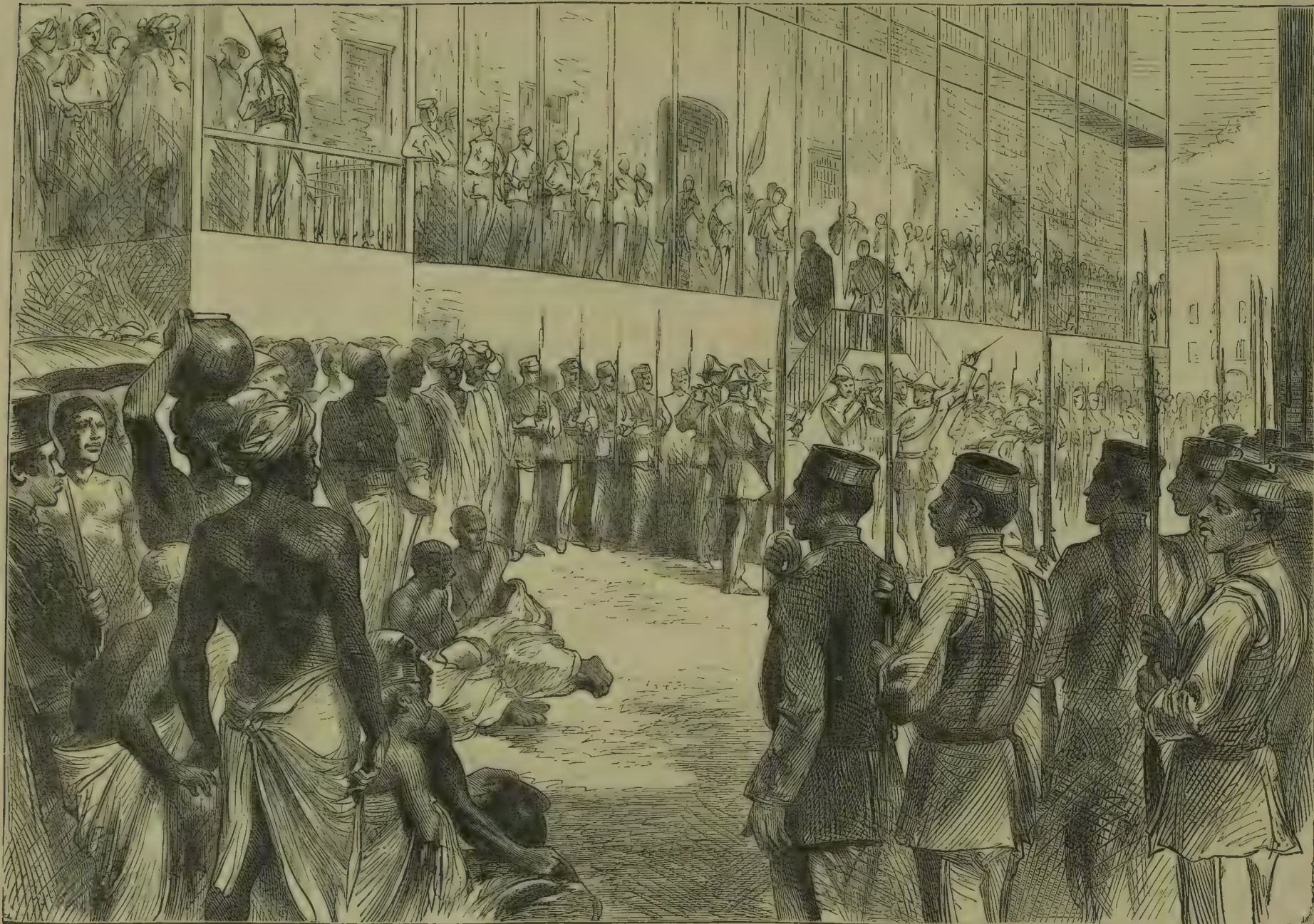
Mrs. Garrett Anderson has held a meeting at her house, at which the ladies who had assisted her in raising the £20,000 required for the building fund of the new hospital for women were present, and she was able to announce that the whole of that sum had been collected. Mrs. Anderson's success in raising this amount of money has been the result of the scheme of drawing-room meetings, which offer a new field of enterprise on the part of charitable people.

The Merchant Taylors' Company have voted £31 10s. to the Lord Mayor's Fund in aid of the Pasteur Institute. M. Pasteur has received the first patient dispatched to his Institute at Paris at the expense of the Lord Mayor's Fund. It is a little girl, aged eight, daughter of an excavator hailing from Rotherhithe, who was recently severely bitten in the wrist by a dog suffering from rabies. M. Pasteur has inoculated the child.

Princess Louise, as President of the Recreative Evening Schools Association, was present at the third annual meeting of that body, held on July 19 at the residence of Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., Hyde Park-place. During the past year 145 schools, homes, and institutes in London were aided by the association; 255 classes were held at schools; while 570 volunteers were enrolled. The estimated average attendance was 6630.

The report of the Royal Commission on the Blind has been issued, in which it is recommended that the blind should, as far as possible, be treated like seeing people, and that the object of their education and training should be to make up for their physical defects, and train them to earn their livelihood. In respect to the extra cost of maintenance in an institution, the parents should be treated liberally, and should not only receive the assistance for their children without being compelled to apply to the guardians, but such assistance should be given for the whole period, say from five to sixteen years of age. The Commissioners recommended that the provisions of the Education Act be extended to the blind, and that compulsory attendance at a school or institution be enforced from five to sixteen, and that power should be given to the local authority to pay the rail or tram fare of children when necessary. The Government grant, they add, should be given on the certificate of a properly qualified inspector, and should depend not only on the merits of each individual scholar, but on the aggregate proficiency of the blind pupils.





A RECEPTION AT THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR'S PALACE.

SKETCH BY MR. W. CHURCHILL.



NEGRO MINSTRELS ON BOARD A BRITISH SHIP AT ZANZIBAR.

SKETCH BY MR. W. J. FROST, H.M.S. GARNET.





NEW BATH HOSPITAL AND CONVALESCENT HOME, HARROGATE.



THE MAYOR OF HARROGATE (MR. N. CARTER).



THE STRAY, HARROGATE.



PROSPECT CRESCENT, HARROGATE, FROM THE STRAY.



PATAGONIAN FUR-DEALERS ON BOARD A BRITISH SHIP AT SANDY POINT, STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.



THE HARROGATE BATH HOSPITAL.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales visited the pleasant and celebrated health-resort of Harrogate—a town which is to the North of England what Bath is to the West of England—on Thursday, July 18, to open the new buildings of the Harrogate Bath Hospital, for the relief of poor patients, and the Rawson Convalescent Home.

Harrogate, a few miles west of Knaresborough, among the breezy hills of Yorkshire, became famous in the seventeenth century for its medicinal waters, sulphureous and chalybeate, which have qualities resembling those of Spa, in Belgium, and are most salutary in the cure of indigestion and of nervous disorders. Like Bath and Tunbridge Wells, this fashionable inland watering-place has its associations with the literature of the eighteenth century. Readers of Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker" will remember the description of the habits of visitors to Harrogate, in the letters of Mr. Matthew Bramble. The town, with its hotels, public entertainments, pump-rooms, baths, promenades, and all the local institutions, has made considerable improvements; while the healing efficacy of the Harrogate springs, the invigorating climate, and the picturesque aspect of the native scenery, are not less appreciated than in the reign of George II. or George III. Our Views of Prospect Crescent and "the Stray," a fine open park-like space of two hundred acres, which affords a delightful walk, should be inviting to those who need recreation, combined with every convenience and comfort in the hotels and lodging-houses of a well-ordered, leisurely, and elegant country town.

The Harrogate Bath Hospital was established sixty-three years ago, under the patronage of the Earl of Harewood, for the benefit of poor persons from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, to whom the treatment, free of charge, would be likely to afford a cure of their diseases. Rheumatic gout, sciatica, and lumbago, gout, liver disease, jaundice, eczema, and other skin diseases are included among the six hundred cases admitted in the last year, a large majority of which obtained effectual relief. The president of the institution is Mr. Basil Woodd, of Conyngham Hall, Knaresborough; the vice-presidents, Mr. F. Darwin, of Otley; Mr. J. Dent Dent, of Wetherby; and the Hon. H. E. Butler, of Pateley Bridge, who is also chairman of the managing committee of Governors, with Mr. Joseph Hammond, of Harrogate, as vice-chairman. The Mayor of Harrogate, Mr. Nicholas Carter, is one of the Governors of the Hospital; Dr. Bealey, Dr. Hobson, and Dr. Britton are the physicians.

The new building of the Hospital has been three years in construction, at an estimated cost of £20,000, to meet which the sum of £7000 is still required. Its architects, Mr. T. Worthington and Mr. J. G. Elgood, had to adapt their plans, from time to time, to special requirements: and care was taken to preserve the mineral springs, under the guardianship of the Municipal Corporation, which were discovered near the site. The levels of the ground being very unequal, it was decided to reserve the higher part, forming a terrace on the south-west side, for the Convalescent Home, erected at a cost of £10,000, chiefly by the munificence of one lady, Miss Rawson, of The Hall, Nydd, who has given for this purpose two donations, amounting to £9000, while another £1000 was given by Mr. W. Stead and an anonymous friend. The Hospital front, all on one level, consists of the administrative department, facing north, the Hospital wards, to accommodate 150 patients, and the dining-hall, for meals and recreation purposes; the principal rooms looking south, over the gardens and recreation grounds. The building contains also rooms for the matron, the nurses, and the secretary, and all needful offices; and there are ten separate bath-rooms supplied with the sulphur water of the natural springs. The exterior is faced with Pateley Bridge stone, and has a fair and cheerful appearance. The contractors for the building were Messrs. W. Ives and Co., of Shipley, and all the work was done by Yorkshire firms.

PATAGONIAN FUR-DEALERS.

The southern part of the South American continent, extending nine hundred miles from the Rio Negro, the boundary of the Argentine Republic, to the Straits of Magellan, received from its early Spanish discoverers the name "Patagonia," on account of the large human footprints they saw on its soil, before they met any of the natives. These were fabulously reported to be a race of giants; but they are only a well-grown, robust, peaceable savage folk, calling themselves Tsonecas or Tehuelche, divided into clans and tribes, often migrating from one district to another; and their total number is but a few thousand. Hunting is their chief occupation, and they are expert horsemen, trainers of dogs, and shooters with the bow and arrow, or throwers of the lance. The huanaco (or guanaco), a species of llama, is the wild animal that mainly supplies these people with food, clothing, and shelter, their dresses and their tents being made of its skin. Few of them possess herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. In some of their habits there is likeness to those of the North American Indians who formerly subsisted on the buffalo or bison of the Western prairies. The country, which is claimed as under the dominion of the Republic of Chile, has not yet been accurately explored; but there are Chilean settlements on the shores of the Straits of Magellan, the chief of which is at Punta Arenas, or Sandy Point, near the eastern entrance to those straits. Here the steam-vessels passing through the straits are accustomed to stop; and Patagonian fur-dealers often bring on board, for sale to the officers and passengers, beautiful rugs of huanaco skins, which have been prepared and sewn together by the Tehuelche women. The bargaining for this commodity is a lively scene, which is represented in a Sketch by one of our correspondents on board the steamer Galicia, belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, when Colonel North and his party were on the voyage to Chile.

The commission for executing the bust of the late Matthew Arnold, for Westminster Abbey, has been given to Mr. Bruce Joy.

The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Venerable Archdeacon Randall to be Suffragan Bishop of Reading, in the Diocese of Oxford; and of the Rev. Canon Ware to be Suffragan Bishop of Derby, in the Diocese of Southwell.

At the Manchester Assizes, the action brought by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., to recover damages from the Marquis of Salisbury for alleged defamation and slander, terminated on July 20 in a verdict for the defendant. Notice of appeal was given on the ground of misdirection, and a stay of execution for costs was granted.

On July 20 the Duchess of Westminster laid the foundation-stone of the permanent church of the Holy Innocents, Hammersmith, of which the Rev. H. C. Eden is the Vicar. There was a numerous company present, including the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, who received her Grace on her arrival. General Goldsworthy, M.P., and others. It is intended to erect only one portion of the church, the cost of which will be £6000, and of this sum £4000 has been subscribed.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H M P (Clifton).—We note the correction, and will take care the mistake is not repeated. The last contribution will have due attention; but we must ask you to look again at No. 2361.

I H W (Hampstead).—In your problem White is not only too strong, but he uses his strength like a giant. There is neither economy of force nor subtlety of idea in the play.

W H G (Sherborne).—The idea is a well-worn one, and, solely by itself, of little use.

CARSLAKE W. Woop.—You have erred in some very good company. Many of our best solvers were caught napping.

F M (Retford).—Perseverance is the royal road to success.

S G W (Edinburgh).—The "Ruy Lopez" is, undoubtedly, the favourite for match play; but a livelier opening might be practised for ordinary occasions.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2359 received from John G Grant, G J Veale, Soberidos, Charles Etherington, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), and J G Hankin; of No. 2360 from J G Hankin, W H Reed, E G Boys, H E W Grant, and E Bailly; of No. 2361 from M C Shann, E G Boys, John Dudson, W M Brooke, James Paul, Dr Waltz, S Mahoney, and G J Veale.

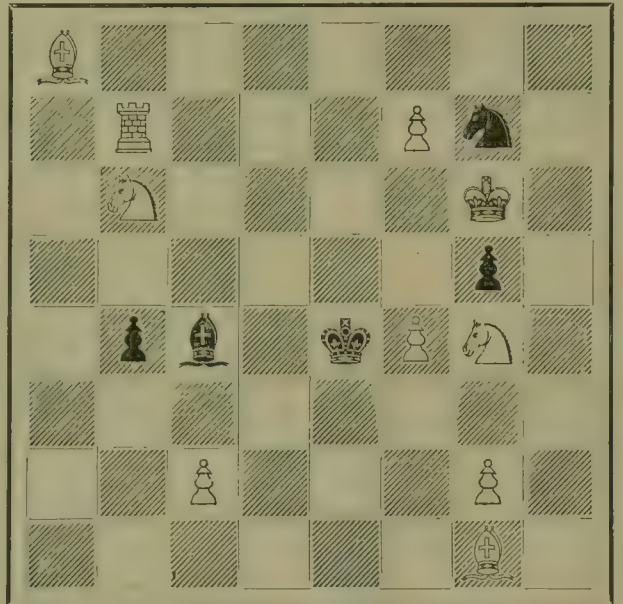
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2362 received from E Loudon, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Julia Short (Exeter), Alpha, Thomas Chown, T G (Ware), Howard A, Dawn, D McCoy (Galway), Jupiter Junior, Martin F, A Newman, A Becher, A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Fr Fernando, T Roberts, R Worries (Canterbury), J Dixon, Brutus, W R Raillem, Mrs Wilson, Bernard Reynolds, Dr F St, C E Perugini, J D Tucker (Leeds), J T W, R H Brooks, E E H, W H Reed (Liverpool), Bingham, R F N Banks, E Bailly, and J Simons.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2360.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to R 3rd	K takes P
2. B to Kt 2nd (ch)	K moves
3. R to K 5th. Mate.	

If Black play 1. B takes R, White continues with 2. Kt to Kt 3rd (ch), and if 1. P becomes a Q, then 2. R to K 5th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2364.  
By HERBERT JACOBS, B.A.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.  
Interesting game in the Fraser Tourney between Messrs. F. F. AYRE, of Hull, and J. H. BLAKE, of Southampton.  
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	31. B to Q 3rd	B to B 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	32. R takes R (ch)	R to Q B sq
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	33. R to K sq	B takes R
4. Castles	Kt takes P	34. K to B sq	B to B 3rd
5. R to K sq	Kt to Q 3rd	35. Kt to R 3rd	P to K R 3rd
6. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	36. R takes R (ch)	R to K sq
7. B to B sq		37. Kt to B 4th	B takes R
	Castles	38. Kt to K 2nd	P to Kt 4th
8. P to Q 4th	Kt to B 4th	39. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
9. P to Q B 3rd	Kt takes Kt	40. Kt to Q B sq	K to B 2nd
10. P takes Kt	P to Q 4th	41. P to K B 3rd	B to B 3rd
11. Q Kt to Q 2nd		42. K to B 2nd	K to Q 3rd
	It looks as if White could safely advance the P to K Kt 4th here; but, on examination, it will be seen that considerable danger attends its adoption.	43. B to Kt 6th	Kt to B 3rd
12. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd	44. Kt to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th
13. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	45. P to K Kt 4th	P to R 5th
14. B to Kt 2nd	Q R to Q sq	46. K to Kt 3rd	P to R 6th
15. Q to B 2nd	P to Q B 4th	47. Kt to K sq	
	P to Q Kt 4th		
	The advance of this P.wn is premature, and subjects Black to unnecessary embarrassment.	47. White ought, we think, to play here P to K B 4th, and thus make provision for the contemplated sacrifice Black has evidently in view.	
16. Q R to Q sq	Q to Kt 2nd	48. B to Kt sq	Kt to Q 2nd
17. B to Q 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	49. K to B 2nd	Kt to K 4th
18. Q to K 2nd	P to Kt 5th	50. K to K 2nd	B to K sq
19. P to Q B 4th	P to Q 5th	51. K to Q 2nd	B to B 2nd
20. B to K 4th	Q to B 2nd		Kt takes Q B P (ch)
21. B to B sq	Kt to Kt 2nd		
22. B to K B 4th	Kt to R 4th		
23. B to R 6th	K R to K sq		
24. Q to Q B 2nd	Kt to Kt 2nd		
25. Q to Q 2nd	P to B 3rd		
26. P takes P	K B takes P		
27. B to Kt 5th	Q to K B 2nd		
28. B takes B	Q takes B		
29. Q to Kt 5th	Q takes Q		
30. Kt takes Q			

and White resigns.

Mr. W. H. Pollock has been awarded the Brilliancy Prize in the late tournament for his game with Herr Weiss.

Messrs. Gunsborg, Blackburne, Burn, and Mason are the English representatives at the German Tournament which commenced at Breslau on July 14.

On his return from America, and previous to his departure for Breslau, Mr. Blackburne was entertained by the City Chess Club, which gathered in large numbers to do honour to their guest. The president proposed Mr. Blackburne's health in appropriate terms, and the toast was received with much enthusiasm.

Alderman T. J. Condon, M.P., who is in jail under the Crimes Act, has been elected Mayor of Clonmel, at a special meeting of the Town Council.

A communication has been addressed to the Chairman of the London County Council, signed by thirty members of that body, setting forth the objections they entertain to the decision in favour of legislative provision being made that the burden of future loans for permanent public improvements shall not fall exclusively on occupiers.

A Parliamentary paper has been issued giving a return showing with respect to each administrative county in England and Wales that the total number of electoral divisions in 1889 was 3240, that the total number of electoral divisions in which the elections of county councillors were contested was 1826, and that there were seventy-seven divisions in which there was a second contested election to supply vacancies caused by the election of councillors as aldermen. The total number of county electors on the register of divisions in which elections were contested was 2,334,135. The total number of votes polled at the contested elections was 1,723,274. The total number of county electors on the register was 3,465,435, and the total cost of the elections chargeable on the county rate was £131,818 16s. 11d.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The season closes (as originally stated in Mr. Augustus Harris's prospectus) on the evening of July 27. During the final week, repetitions have been given of operas recently performed.

The season just terminating opened on May 18, this having been the third occasion of Mr. Augustus Harris's position as an operatic manager. The first was in 1887, when the establishment with which he has been so long identified—Drury-Lane Theatre—was appropriated to Italian operatic performances, with a success that led to Mr. Harris's occupancy of the Royal Italian Opera-House in 1888 and again this year. The proceedings on this latest occasion have been distinguished by rare excellence in the efficiency of performances sustained by a company of artists such as are seldom assembled under one management. As prime donne, Mesdames Albani, Marie Roze, Valda, Fursch-Madi, and Melba, Mdles. Macintyre, Van Zandt, Schlager, and Ella Russell; as contraltos, Madame Scalchi, Mdle. De Vigne, and other competent artists in each division; as leading tenors, M. J. De Reszke, Signori A. D'Andrade, Talazac, Montariol, Lestellier, and (on one occasion, as Lohengrin) Mr. B. McGuckin; as baritones and basses, MM. Lassalle, E. De Reszke, and Isnardon, Signori F. D'Andrade, Abramoff, Winogradow, Cotogni, Castelmarty, Miranda, Novara, De Vaschetti, and Ciampi, have contributed to the remarkable general efficiency of the casts.

Within the space of ten weeks an unusual number of performances have been given, specialties among which have been the representation of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," in the original French version—for the first time in this country—the revival of Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" ("Leila"), the production of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," for the first time in an Italian version, and the performance of other operas—classical and popular—with a musical efficiency and a splendour of stage accessories seldom, if ever before, realised, and scarcely to be surpassed. The production of "Die Meistersinger" would, of itself, have been enough to have rendered the season famous. Such a rendering of the opera, in every respect, had never been realised in the best German performances. The orchestra and chorus have during the season been of special excellence, and the office of conductor has been alternately exercised, with practised skill, by Signor Mancinelli, Signor Ardit, and Mr. Randegger. The general results of the season just closing will naturally lead to a wish for a long continuance of Mr. Harris in the position of an operatic manager.

Covent-Garden Theatre is to be reopened on August 10, for promenade concerts, again under the management of Mr. Freeman Thomas; performances of a similar kind beginning on the same date at Her Majesty's Theatre. Strong attractions are promised in each case.

The comic opera entitled "Marjorie," produced at a special matinée at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on July 18, is bright and lively both in the text and the music, the former by Messrs. L. Clifton and J. J. Dille, the latter by Mr. W. Slaughter. Both the book and the music are of a genuinely English character. There are some telling ballads and some concerted pieces of a very superior order. The principal characters were well sustained by Misses Wadman and F. Brough, and Messrs. Celli, Tapley, Burgon, and Monkhouse.

Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff (formerly known as Miss Nita Gaetano) gave a concert at the Lyric Club theatre on July 19, when she produced a musical comedieta, of her own composition, entitled "A Serenade in Granada." There is but little plot in it, and but two characters, which were well sustained by Misses Hermon and Leysbon. The music is pleasing, although slight and unpretending in style. Other pieces by the same lady-composer were comprised in the programme, among them being a setting of some verses from Tennyson's "The Princess," Mrs. Moncrieff having been their interpreter. The concert included the co-operation of other artists, vocal and instrumental.

The "London Military Band" is an institution that has just been formed with the purpose of supplying a first-class civil military band, consisting of skilled instrumentalists, most of whom have been soloists in our celebrated Guards and infantry bands; the object being the efficient performance of music of a high class. The list of the members and their present professional engagements promises well for the fulfilment of the intended purpose. The first matinée was announced to take place at Princes' Hall on July 22, with a varied programme, Mr. John Hill being director of the music and conductor, and Mr. Dan Godfrey jun. honorary conductor; and Mr. B. Pierpoint, the vocalist of the day.

The London Academy of Music (directed by Dr. Wylde) announced its annual concert and dramatic performance and distribution of medals—too late for present comment.

The anthem, "O perfect love!" for the musical portion of the Royal wedding service at Buckingham Palace has been composed by Mr. Barnby.

The prospects of the forthcoming Gloucester Festival appear to be unusually favourable. It will be the 166th meeting of the associated Cathedral choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, opening on Sept. 3 with a performance of "Elijah" in the Cathedral, where, on the following day, will be given Dr. Parry's "Judith" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater"; on Sept. 5, Sullivan's "The Prodigal Son," Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," and part of Spohr's "Last Judgment"; and on Sept. 6, the "Messiah"—Wednesday evening (also in the Cathedral) being appropriated to Mr. C. L. Williams's new church cantata, "The Last Night at Bethany," and part of Haydn's "Creation." Miscellaneous evening concerts will take place in the Shirehall on Sept. 3 and 5. The orchestra (headed by Mr. J. T. Carrodus) will be complete, and the chorus will consist of the three Cathedral choirs with reinforcements from various sources. The principal solo singers engaged are: Madame Albani, Mrs. Brereton, Misses Anna Williams, H. Wilson, and M. Morgan; Messrs. E. Lloyd, Nicholl, B. Foote, and Brereton. Mr. C. L. Williams (organist of the Cathedral) will be the conductor.

The Leeds Festival—which follows that at Gloucester—seems to be already an assured financial success, judging by the unusually large sale of tickets some weeks before the celebration, which opens on Oct. 9. Sir Arthur Sullivan will again be the conductor; and his cantata "The Golden Legend" will be one of the important works of the programme, new productions, written for the occasion, being Mr. Corder's cantata, "The Sword of Argantyr," and Dr. Creser's "The Sacrifice of Freia," in addition to which, Dr. Stanford will produce his new setting of Tennyson's "The Voyage of Maeldune." A full orchestra and the magnificent Yorkshire chorus will be associated with the performances, the solo vocalists announced being Mesdames Albani and Valleria, Misses Macintyre, Fillunger, H. Wilson, and Damian; Messrs. E. Lloyd, McKay, Piercy, Mills, Foote, and Brereton. M. Sarasate will be the solo violinist, and will play a new work by Dr. Mackenzie.

Herr Carlizoeller, whose death was recently announced, was bandmaster of the 2nd Life Guards, having previously held other similar appointments; and he produced many meritorious compositions.





1. Jacko recognises a fellow-countryman. 2. Seeks a closer acquaintance. 3. Not at home. 4. Takes vengeance on the deceiver. 5. Revenge is sweet. 6. But not the usual punishment.

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.



## A DUCAL DÉMESNE.

Deep set amid far-spreading woods, with turrets sparkling and windows aflame in the western sun, the castle of Buchanan seldom fails to catch the eye of the evening tourist sailing up Loch Lomond. The steamer sweeps on through the quiet straits of Balmah, and away across the silver waters of the loch, among sylvan islands and under shadowy mountains; but the impression remains of the ducal palace lordling it at the Endrick's mouth—the home of the aristocrat.

Without anything of the feeling of the American who was said to so "dearly love a lord," there can be no doubt that to most minds a certain glamour invests the home and presence of the nobleman. It is not in the empty title, nor in the wealth and power which usually accompany it, that the peculiar influence lies. Rather, to the mind which knows the grim stiffness, the long heart-breaking toil of the ordinary battle of life, does it lie in the thought of the great qualities—strength, endurance, energy, power of muscle and brain—which throughout generations have earned and held the leader's place in the surging phalanxes. Thousands of gallant hearts have gone down in the struggle which these men have survived; and when to the miracle of their survival are added the storied memories of a long-illustrious race, there cannot but be something to stir the imagination in the presence of a peer.

The natural surroundings of a place like Buchanan Castle have, it is true, a charm of their own. Here for a whole day a poet might wander. Amid the solitude are forest dells and pleasaunces fit for the dreamings of an Endymion. Once and again across the far recesses of some ferny glade may be seen trooping—royalty of the woodlands—a herd of gallant and graceful deer. All morning, while the dew is yet heavy on the high-flowering grasses, the pipings of throstle and merle float at intervals from the bosky depths. The stillness otherwise is only broken by the rustle of a wood-dove's wing as she leaves her nest-home in the pines, or by the twitterings of proud and happy chaffinches feeding their fluttering young on the forest-paths. Under the heat of noon, too, the wanderer may lave hot brows and feet in the crystal of some sparkling brook fresh-fallen from the mountains; and as he rests in the shade of branchy beech or lime he may enjoy, in turn, all the pleasures of forest philosophy. This love of wood-wisdom—the reminiscent instinct of our race's wild primeval life—is latent in the heart of most men. Hence the secret of the delight inspired by the writings of a Thoreau, a White, or an Izaak Walton—the one taste, it may be, of rural pleasures—the breath of the wild woods and the clover-fields—known by the wistful heart of many a city toiler. But in a spot like this no "Walden" or "Selborne" or "Compleat Angler" is needed to bring one into touch again with Nature's soothing. Here, mixed with the fragrance of lime-tree and pine overhead, floats the delicate perfume of the creamy orchis-stalks flowering on the bank at hand. Waist-high in the wood's recesses the purple grasses are in flower. Amid their misty depths rise pale clouds of queen-o'-the-meadow, love-sick for its own sweetness. And bracken-fern everywhere, green and cool, stand deep and thick in the sun-chequered glades. Nor do the woodland denizens long remain hid, even at noonday. Grey

rabbits, bright-eyed and with ears alert, steal forth from their burrows under the tree-roots, and begin nibbling the sweet young grasses. A red squirrel runs down the bole of the beech-tree at hand, turns a sharp, critical glance for a moment upon the invader of its domain, and at the slightest gesture flashes up the tree again to its leafy home. A green woodpecker attracts the eye as he climbs industriously up an oak-trunk near, peering diligently, by the way, into every cranny of the bark in search of his insect food. A brown water-vole runs quickly along the sandy edge of the brook below, and disappears. And in the cool shallows of the stream itself—enviable quarters on so hot a day—the trout are disporting themselves like flying shadows.

Fancies unnumbered might be recalled by the dreamer here, for it is such a place as the poets have loved to people with their imaginings. Nowhere in Arden was there a fairer scene for the wanderings of a Rosalind. Enviably would be Orlando's task in such a spot. And at the foot of one of these great-girthed oaks it well might be that Merlin sank to oblivion under the spell of a keen-lipped Vivien. Such fancy is stimulated by the fame and the mystic legend of the blue loch glistening through the trees, asleep upon its pebbles—the loch with "a fish without a fin, a wave without a wind, and a floating island."

But the Buchanan woods need no fancy to people them, and their charm is not Nature's charm alone. Historic memories enough remain about them to haunt the solitude.

Buchanan lies just on the "Highland line," and in all ages that line has been the scene of stirring incident. The remains of a fortification above, on the mountain foot, would seem to say that Roman pick and spade themselves had rung to the North their defiant music here. Fire and foray have been no strangers to the neighbourhood, at any rate since Haco and his Norsemen, dragging their ships over the narrow isthmus from the sea-loch at Arrochar, swept with death and devastation the islands of Loch Lomond, whither had crowded for safety all the inhabitants of the surrounding country. But most famous of all the aggressors upon this borderland have been the Macgregors. The country of that restless race lay close by among the mountains round Ben Lomond. Alone of all the Highland clans they resisted the institutions of feudalism, and continued to hold their land by the ancient *coir à glaive*, or right of the sword. Their neighbours of Breadalbane and Buchanan, however, preferred more stable titles. Upon every misdeed of the Macgregors the latter found legal means of attacking the clansmen's territory; and it was in reprisals for these losses that the sons of Alpin gained their Ishmaelitic reputation. Greatest of their battles, perhaps, was that in Glen Fruin, across the loch, where they defeated and almost destroyed their enemies, the Colquhouns of Luss. Few distinct stories, indeed, remain of their relations with the clan Buchanan, which in feudal times inhabited Strathendrick here; but from the records of the Earls of Lennox, who were then the superiors of this district, one thing is certain—there was no love lost between the neighbours. To the Highlanders, "The Lennox" was always a legitimate field for enterprise of the cattle-acquiring and chattel-attaching description. In the early part of last century,

when the house of Montrose had succeeded that of Lennox in possession of the territory, Rob Roy, indeed, actually succeeded, for a time, in effecting a partnership for cattle-dealing purposes between the Duke of that day and himself. But the agreement did not long continue. The enterprise did not prosper, and, to indemnify himself for what he considered the result of his partner's carelessness, Montrose seized upon Macgregor's estate of Craignroyston. This deed of the Duke made Rob Roy at once an outlaw and immortal. To recoup himself, Macgregor annually "lifted" his Grace's rents; and, as the Lowlands had become no longer safe for him, he set up as the "Robin Hood" of the Highlands—levying blackmail upon the farmers of Lennox and Forth, and, at the same time, guaranteeing them against depredation. Everyone who has read Scott knows the story of Rob Roy, and in that adventurous story no names occur more frequently than those connected with the district here—the Pass of Balmah, the village of Balfron, and the Duke's clachan of Aberfoyle.

But greatest of all the memories which occur to the wanderer in Buchanan Woods must remain that of Charles I.'s General, the Marquis of Montrose. Had a race desired to render itself illustrious by means of a single name, it could not have chosen a better than that of the brilliant Cavalier nobleman. Brief and glorious his career, and heroically tragic his end, his history shines like a meteor track across the dark records of that time; and it does not seem too much to say that had the good fortune of Montrose been equal to his gallantry Charles Stuart would at least have been saved his martyrdom, and Scotland, in his person, might have resumed her ancient line of kings. The great Marquis, it may be true, had no part in the present home of his successors here. Most probably his chief seat was at Mugdock, a dozen miles away. But Buchanan belongs to those of his blood; his portrait hangs within the castle walls; and the lustre of his chivalry has not ceased to invest with a romantic charm the surroundings of the House of Graham. A fair demesne, at any rate, is this for the ramble of a summer day—a demesne with memories in striking contrast to the associations of its latest visitor. The wildest poetic dreamer fifty years ago might scarcely have imagined the hero of Moore's "Lalla Rookh" as the guest of Roderick Dhu. Yet as strange a thing has come to pass. In his Highland home the descendant of "the Great Montrose" has entertained the Persian Shah. G. E.-T.

Barry Dock, near Cardiff, was opened on July 18 by Mrs. Lewis Davies, one of the owners of Ferndale Colliery.

The annual show promoted by the Notts Agricultural Society was opened on July 18 in the spacious new Cattle Market at Nottingham. Among the exhibitors were the Duke of Portland, Lord Belper, the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram, Sir W. H. Salt, and the Nottingham Corporation.

Mr. T. Hudson Beare, Professor of Engineering and Mechanics, Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, has been appointed Professor of Engineering and Mechanical Technology at University College, London, in succession to Professor Alexander B. W. Kennedy, F.R.S.



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TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEAR'S TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

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A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

PEAR'S  
Transparent  
SOAP.



# NOBILITY OF LIFE

Cease, every joy to glimmer on my mind; | But leave, oh! leave the light of hope behind.

## PLATO'S MEDITATION ON IMMORTALITY.

(Born 429 — Died 347, B.C.)

It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well;  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after Immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul  
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

Addison.

## THE VALUE OF TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?  
Out of eternity  
This new day is born,  
Into eternity  
At night doth return.  
Behold it aforesaid  
No eyes ever did;  
So soon it for ever  
From all eyes is hid.  
Here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?

T. Carlyle.



PLATO MEDITATING BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY.

(The Portrait of Plato is copied from an exquisite gem of high antiquity in the British Museum.)

## THE MAN AND GENTLEMAN!

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the Awful Will,  
And bear it with an Honest Heart.  
Who misses or who wins The Prize—  
Go lose or conquer as you can,  
But if you fail or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a Gentleman.

Thackeray.

What every Travelling Trunk and Household  
in the World ought to contain, a Bottle of

## ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

IT IS THE BEST PREVENTIVE OF AND CURE  
FOR BILIOUSNESS, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions,  
Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Fevers, Blood Poisons,  
Feverishness or Feverish Colds, Mental Depression, Want of  
Appetite, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove  
the effects of errors in Eating and Drinking. It is invaluable  
to those who are Fagged, Worn Out, or anyone  
whose duties require them to undergo Mental or Unnatural  
Excitement or Strain; it keeps the Blood pure, and prevents  
disastrous diseases by natural means. If its great value in  
keeping the body in health were universally known, no family  
would be without it.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN? FOR HEALTH AND LONGEVITY, USE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

**SUGAR, CHEMICALLY-COLOURED SHERBET, STIMULANTS.**—Experience shows that Sugar, Chemically-Coloured Sherbet, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandy are all very apt to disagree, while Light Wines, and Gin or Old Whisky largely diluted with Soda Water, will be found the least objectionable. Eno's "Fruit Salt" is particularly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. Eno's "Fruit Salt" should be kept in every bedroom and travelling trunk for any emergency; always useful, can never do any harm.

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**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE.** WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

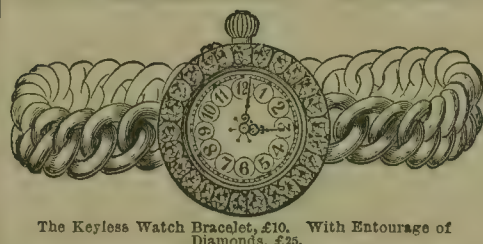
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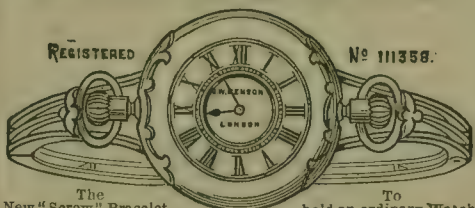
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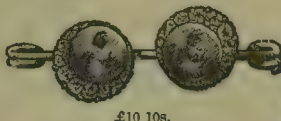
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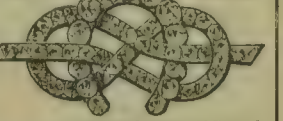
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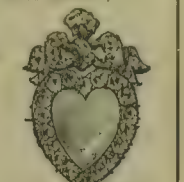
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The Hunting Editor of the "Field" says:—"I can confidently recommend Messrs. Benson's Hunting Watch as one that can be depended on."—Field, March 22, 1884.

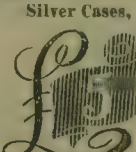
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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

In my review of recent fashion changes last week, space failed me to mention one small but notable point—the revival of decorated stockings. This is naturally coincident with the return of trimmings round the foot of the skirts. The plain skirts that we have had so long with us do not direct attention to the chassure. But when the skirt is trimmed so as to attract notice towards the feet, then dainty coverings become essential. Accordingly, hose have taken on embroideries of all sorts: they are bedecked with clocks in brilliant colours, and are constructed with lace-like fronts; while tan shoes have been having a run of popularity, and are now being ousted by coloured morocco ones chosen to match the gown. Silk stockings are very luxurious, but sadly expensive to wear. It is possible, however, to compromise between comfort and economy by having the feet and ankles of open-work silk, and the upper part of the hose of spun silk or cashmere. Another novelty in stockings is woven in two colours in a network, the sole being plain. White stockings are still quite out of fashion, however; though nothing can be so cleanly and, on the whole, suitable as white to cover the foot.

Even the serge yachting and seaside dresses, plain though their construction necessarily is, are now being made with trimming round the bottom of the skirt. A band of red or of white introduced into a navy-blue serge skirt about four inches from the foot is often seen; so is braiding, preferably three rows of narrow braid run straight round. The last-mentioned is, indeed, only a revival of what was very popular a few years ago, but has been discontinued of late. The man-like linen shirts that have become so suddenly fashionable will be worn with loose serge jackets instead of bodices, in many cases.

Princess Louise of Wales, however, is having a blue serge dress made, in the genuine sailor style, with narrow gold cord edging the loose collar and trimming the bottom of the skirt. There is a white singlet, with the rope and anchor and the Princess's own initial all worked on in gold cord. The Princess's trousseau will be a small one compared to that provided for her aunts on their marriages; but still it will be sufficiently handsome, about a dozen different houses in town having received pressing orders for gowns, shoes, bonnets, and other articles that need to be made, while laces, handkerchiefs, and so on are already delivered. Everything is either London or Dublin make.

Amongst the recent weddings is that of a young lady who has deserved well of her sex by a clever invention—the Fenwick collapsible hat and bonnet, which is now sold at most of the great dress houses in London. The collapsible chapeau is ingeniously constructed on a wire framework that doubles up flat, somewhat as does a man's opera hat; only in the case of the bonnet the trimming likewise has to fold and reopen uninjured—and does so quite successfully. It is invaluable for travelling, for a number of hats and bonnets to suit all the costumes can be taken in very limited space. The original idea of the inventor, however, was chiefly to supply ladies travelling long distances to the theatre or concerts with headgear that should be pretty for passing through the streets and yet capable of being taken off instantly and hidden away without being damaged. Miss Fenwick, the clever designer of the collapsible bonnet, is a daughter of Admiral Fenwick, and has just married Captain Maclean, of the Connaught Rangers.

Princess Christian has published an article in favour of the technical education of girls, as carried on at the "Forsyth College." My regular readers will remember that this has long been advocated here—not the Forsyth College, but the idea of giving girls technical instruction in household matters and in some industrial occupation, as a supplement to the ordinary school course. I pleaded very earnestly for the application of the Women's Jubilee Tribute to the foundation of such an institution. England is the only European country where there is no such training open to girls. Germany has several colleges of this class in different kingdoms and towns, the Empress Frederick being president of a very large one at Berlin. Paris maintains more than one, with the aid of municipal funds; and even Italy, which we are accustomed to consider as far behind us in regard to the progress of women, offers the means of technical training in specially womanly employments to its girls, as we still fail to do.

England may perhaps find the germ of such a great establishment in the little private institution patronised by Princess Christian, but something much more extensive and more thoroughly organised is needed to supply a distinct want in our girls' training. If it could only become customary for them—for even as large a proportion of them as study music—to spend twelve months of budding womanhood in learning housekeeping properly as a science and an art, and at the same time mastering some bread-earning technicality, such as book-keeping, dressmaking, flower-gardening, glass-painting, photography, or some other means of earning money, which it will, in any event, do them no harm to know, and which may, in case of need, help them to maintain themselves—if it could become, I say, as customary for girls to do this as it now is for them to learn to strum the piano, there would be better-managed homes, more dutiful servants, and fewer penniless elderly gentlewomen in coming generations.

Lord Meath brought into the House of Lords this Session a Bill to legalise the adoption of children. It was talked out of existence by the House on July 17, apparently with scorn; yet there is very much to be said in its favour. It did not, of course, propose to allow private individuals to take neglected children from bad parents by force. It simply provided that when the parent of a child shall have entered into a formal contract to surrender the custody of the child to someone else, and the other person has agreed to accept the parental responsibilities for the child, the contract should be binding. It is surely reasonable that a parent who has given up the charge of a child's most helpless years to others should not be able to reclaim that child whenever he sees fit. But Dr. Barnardo's case, which came before the Court of Appeal on the same day that Lord Meath's Bill was disposed of by the House of Lords, shows that the state of the law at present is that a father or mother *cannot* part with the right to the custody of a child. Though it can be shown that the parent neglected all parental duties, allowed the child to wander destitute and starving in the street, and overwhelmed the hapless little thing with blows and abuse, yet that parent retains "rights" over the child's existence which he even may not be persuaded to divest himself of by his own act and deed. Parents' rights!—but where, in this arrangement, are the child's rights?

Rights and duties are correlative, in parentage especially. The law is practically powerless to enforce parental duties, as those who go among the poor see constantly. The law does not touch the hulking rascal who loafs about in idleness, earns little, and spends nearly all that he does earn in the public-

house, while his children, whom he could if he chose keep in comfort, wander starved with hunger and cold. The law stands aloof while the parent (provided he do not go to extremities) makes life a torment to the child. Yet that very same neglected and ill-used child may be taken by charitable hands, with the bad father's or mother's consent, fed, clothed, taught, and placed in peace, perhaps for a few years, till old enough to be "useful"—that is, to earn money by begging or otherwise—and still at any moment it can be dragged back to the old life of misery by the parent's arbitrary demand. He has changed his mind about letting others care for the child that he abused—that is all he need say—and at present it is his right to say it; but how about the child's rights, my Lords? And do not the rights of a good foster-parent to whom the child has been formally given, and by whom it has been nurtured and maintained, properly override, after a certain space of time, those of the unnatural parent who voluntarily resigned at once the cost and the custody of his offspring?

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Messrs. R. Atkinson and Co., of College-green, Dublin, have been honoured with an order for a large selection of Irish poplins for the trousseau of Princess Louise of Wales.

Delightful weather and an exceptionally liberal programme combined to induce a large attendance at the Alexandra Palace on July 22, when the annual fête by the Northern district was given in aid of the Post Office Orphan Homes.

At a special meeting on July 22 of the Nationalist members of Dublin Corporation, Mr. E. J. Kennedy, J.P., some time M.P. for Cavan, and one of the Irish Parliamentary party and High Sheriff of Dublin City, was selected Lord Mayor of Dublin for next year.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Mr. Jean Louis Goaster, master of the French smack *Louis Gustave*, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the British steam-ship *Collingwood*, of Newcastle, which was wrecked off the coast of Portugal on May 14 last. They have also awarded a sum of money to each of the crew of the former vessel who manned the rescuing boats.

By permission of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, a meeting was held at Argyll Lodge on July 22 in aid of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission to Assyrian Christians, the object of which is to educate and train the younger clergy and candidates for holy orders, and the Christian youth of both sexes. Resolutions in support of the mission were unanimously adopted.

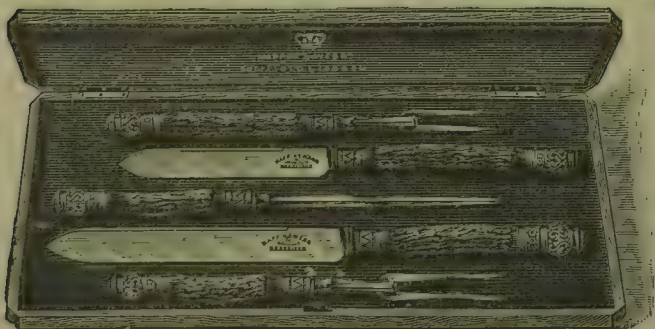
The programme of the Church Congress to be held at Cardiff during the first four days of October has been issued. On the opening day (Tuesday) the Bishop of Llandaff will deliver his presidential address, and the subjects will include that of "Church and State," on which the speakers appointed are the Dean of Manchester, the Rev. T. Hancock, Viscount Halifax, and Mr. Raikes, M.P. Next day the Church in Wales will be discussed by the Bishop of Chester, Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P., and others. "Gambling and Betting" are down for consideration, and the working-men's meeting will be in the evening. On Thursday elementary education will hold the first place on the programme, with Lord Norton, the Rev. J. R. Diggle, and Canon Gregory among the speakers. The last day will be a light one in respect of work, there being only three subjects down. In the evening a conversazione will bring the congress to a close.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that

# EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

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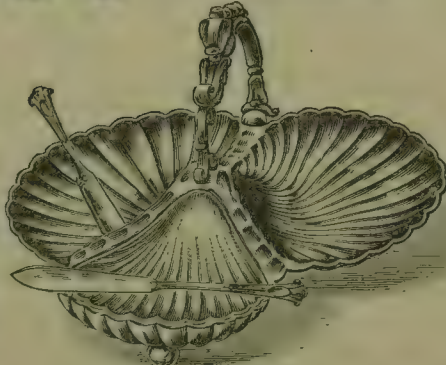
Buckhorn Handle Carvers, Chased Silver Mounts, complete in Polished Oak Case,  
One Pair Meat Carvers and Steel .. £2 2 0  
One Pair each Meat and Game Carvers and Steel .. £3 0 0



Butter Knife, with Ivory Handle, in best Morocco Case, Sterling Silver, 14s.; Electro-Silver, 8s.



Solid Silver "Toby" Cream Jug, 2 1/2 in. high, £2 2s.



Richly Fluted Biscuit, Butter, and Cheese Stand. Two compartments, gilt inside, and glass lining to Butter. Best Electro, £2 5s.  
Two XVIIth Century Knives, 5s. extra.

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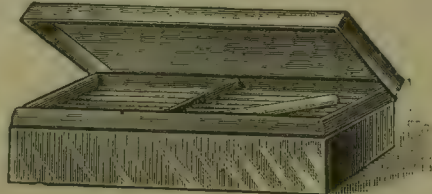


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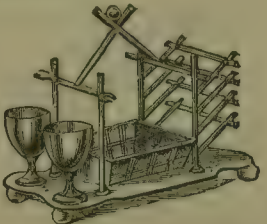


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Sterling Silver Cigarette Boxes. Lined Cedar Wood. To hold 50, £4 10s.; to hold 75, £5; to hold 100, £6 6s.



Electro Silver Toast Rack, Egg Frame, and Butter Dish combined, £2 10s.



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JULY 30 and 31, and AUG. 1 and 2.

**ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.**  
**GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.**  
 SATURDAY, JULY 27, and MONDAY, JULY 29, SPECIAL  
 FAST TRAINS FROM VICTORIA to Falmouth, Arundel,  
 Littlehampton, Bournemouth, Brighton, Dover, Havant, South-  
 sea and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight).  
 SPECIAL TRAINS for SERVAANTS, HORSES, and  
 CARRIAGES only, will leave VICTORIA, SATURDAY  
 JULY 27, at 7.45 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., and MONDAY, JULY 29  
 at 7.45 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.  
 Hatched and unhatched Eggs, and other Stations will not be  
 served.

ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES  
A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave  
Victoria 7.30 a.m., Kensington 7.5 a.m., London Bridge 7.30 a.m.  
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Victoria 9 a.m., Kensington 8.40 a.m., and London Bridge  
9.5 a.m. Return Fares, 26s. and 20s.

AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. Return Fare, 3s.,  
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Fast Trains at Ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Fares leave London for Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight every weekday as under:—  
From Victoria, 6.35 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 3.55 p.m., and 4.55 p.m., also at 7.15 p.m. for Portsmouth only, all calling at Southampton.

From Kensington (Addison-road), 6.5 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 1.25 p.m., 3.41 p.m., and 6.21 p.m., also at 7 p.m. for Portsmouth only, all calling at West-Brompton.

For the convenience of the General Public leaving London for the Review on the morning of Saturday, Aug. 3, Extra Special Trains will be run as follows:—

For the return on Saturday night, Special Trains (1st, 2nd and 3rd class) will leave Portsmouth Hall at 8.30 p.m. for London Bridge and Victoria.

28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; which offices will remain open till 10 p.m. on July 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30, and August 1, 1891.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 3, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 20, 1885), of Dame Ann Hayter, late of No. 19, Hyde Park-terrace, Cumberland-gate, and South Hill Park, Bracknell, Berks, widow, who died on June 2, was proved on July 11 by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Divett Hayter, Bart., the son, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £225,000. The testatrix bequeaths £20,000 to her daughter, Mrs. Mary Pulsford Rickman, upon the same trusts and conditions as those in her marriage settlement; and £2000 to each of Mrs. Rickman's children, except her eldest son, Cecil Arthur, and her daughter Ethel Maud, who received her portion on her marriage. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said son absolutely.

The will (dated June 1, 1889) of Mr. Henry Matthew Clarke, J.P., late of No. 25, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on June 11, at St. Leonards, was proved on July 11 by the Rev. Charles Leopold Stanley Clarke, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £185,000. The testator gives £1000 each to St. George's Hospital (Hyde Park-corner) and the General Hospital (Bristol); £2000 to his sister, Marianne Gray Warren, and all his stocks, shares, and interest in the East Lincolnshire Railway Company, upon trust, for her for life; £12,000 to his brother, the Rev. Charles Leopold Stanley Clarke, and £500 to his wife; £1000 each to Arthur Clarke, Willoughby Clarke, and Mrs. Mary Tebbs; £2000 to Calvert Clarke; £500 to his servant, John Butler; £1000 each to his friends, Adeline Montague Bryant and Olivia Strickland Bryant; £500 to his godson, Lieutenant-Colonel Daniell; and the following legacies to his nephews and nieces—viz., £4000 to Calvert D. Stanley Clarke; £5000 to Willoughby Charles Stanley Clarke; £8000 to Hervey Morris Stanley Clarke; £3000 each to Mrs. Mary Charlotte Stanley Gough and Mrs. Caroline Stanley Newport; £9000 to H. Wilberforce Clarke; £5000 to Mrs. Bloxsome; and £3000 each to Henry, Ronald, Evelyn, and Frances Lena Stanley Clarke. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother, the Rev. Charles Leopold Stanley Clarke, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1877), with two codicils (dated Jan. 21, 1884, and Feb. 7, 1887), of Alderman Sir Thomas Dakin, Lord Mayor in 1870-1, late of No. 18, Wetherby-gardens, South Kensington, who died on May 24, was proved on July 16 by James Lionel Ridpath and Joseph Harrison Dakin, his nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £61,000. Subject to legacies to his wife and executors, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for her, for life; on her death he gives £4000 to the children of his daughter Mrs. E. Ford North, and the ultimate residue, upon trust, for his four daughters.

The will (dated April 10, 1889) of Mr. Benjamin Attack, late of Cambridge, who died on May 22, was proved on July 11 by George Wallis and Richard Edmunds, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £52,000. The testator gives £2000 to Constance Mary Honnybun; £4000 to the children of Mrs. Elizabeth Richards; £2000 to his housekeeper, Elizabeth Chivers; £2000 to Rosamond Maris; £1000, upon trust, for Mr. and Mrs. Quinsee; £1000 to George Wallis; £6000 to Richard Edmunds; £500 to the Royal Albert Asylum (Cambridge); £1000, to be invested and the income applied for the repair of the fabric of the parish church of Holy Trinity (Cambridge); and other legacies. He also directs that his house is to be kept on, in its present state, for

six months, for the use of his attendants and servants, and they are to receive their usual wages and allowances during that period. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister, Caroline Attack.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1887) of the Right Hon. Emily Sullivan Dalzell, Countess of Carnwath, late of Carnwath House, Fulham, who died on May 17, was proved on July 13, by the Earl of Carnwath, the husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom being sworn to exceed £36,000. Subject to a legacy of £50 to her brother-in-law, Captain Dalzell, the testatrix leaves all her property, upon trust, for her husband for life, he making allowances to their four children. On his death she gives her furniture, plate, jewels, &c., to her children and to her aunt Miss Sullivan, and specifically bequeaths certain stocks and shares, upon trust, for her three younger children—viz., Ronald Arthur Dalzell, Ida Elizabeth Dalzell, and Violet Charlotte Dalzell. The ultimate residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her eldest son, Robert Hipplesley Dalzell.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1886) of Mr. John Slagg, M.P. for Manchester 1880-3, a former president of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and an administrator of the Suez Canal, formerly of Manchester, but late of No. 39, Hertford-street, Mayfair, who died on May 7, was proved on July 17 by Mrs. Catherine Parker Slagg, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. The testator gives everything he dies possessed of, both real and personal, to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated May 5, 1886), with a codicil (dated June 22, 1888), of Mr. Louis Eugene Gould, late of No. 18, South-street, Park-lane, who died on March 28, in Paris, was proved on July 12 by John Charles William Paul Graham, his cousin, Captain Edward Charles Walsh, and Charles Henry Roope, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator gives all his chattels and effects (except money and securities for money) to his wife, Mrs. Constance Isabel Mary Gould; £1500 to Captain Walsh, and £500 to Charles Henry Roope. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then between his children in equal shares.

Joseph Harvey, 21, and Elizabeth Bates, 20, both residing at Langley-green, near Oldbury, were found drowned on July 22 in the Canal Company's reservoir at Titford. A note which they left stated that they had determined to die together in consequence of grievances as lovers.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at a Court of Assistants of the Sons of the Clergy on July 20. Besides the ordinary business of the court, £810 was granted from the Clergy Distress Fund, which it will be remembered was opened in February, 1887, by the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy at the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the temporary relief of beneficed clergymen dependent upon glebe or tithe, and suffering loss of income in consequence of the agricultural depression. It appeared from a report presented by the Finance Committee that up to the present time the contributions to the fund had amounted to £44,046, and that £876 had been received as interest from the bankers and as dividends on the temporary investment of a portion of the fund in Consols. The expenditure, including the grants made that day, was £38,177, of which £1672 represented the working expenses, mainly incurred for advertising the fund in 1887.

BETHLEM AND BRIDEWELL HOSPITALS.

The yearly inspection of King Edward's Schools, at Witley, near Godalming, on July 11, afforded much gratification to a party of visitors who accompanied the President, Alderman Sir James Clarke Lawrence, Bart., and the treasurer, Major Copeland, to witness the very satisfactory condition of that establishment. The chaplain and master, the Rev. Gerard M. Mason, is to be commended for his management and instruction of the boys maintained and educated there at the expense of the Governors of the Royal Hospital of Bridewell and Bethlem; while the Girls' School, adjacent to Bethlem Hospital, St. George's-road, Southwark, is conducted by Miss Wilson in a manner equally creditable to that noble public charity. In a recent notice of Major Copeland's interesting little book on the history of Bridewell Hospital, its connection with Bethlem Hospital, and the conversion of its funds to the establishment of King Edward's Schools, were briefly explained. Some official changes have just been completed which demand a public record. We have already spoken of the retirement of Dr. G. W. Savage, one of the most eminent authorities on the scientific investigation and medical treatment of insanity, from the office of Resident Physician and Medical Superintendent of Bethlem Hospital. His successor, Dr. Percy Smith, with Dr. Hislop, the assistant physician, carries on the beneficent work of that great institution, which affords relief, and in many cases the means of permanent cure, to hundreds of patients above the rank of the labouring classes. The office of Steward of the two Hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlem has now been filled by the appointment of Mr. W. R. Baggallay, Major of the London Rifle Brigade, and late Macebearer to the Corporation of the City of London. It became vacant at Midsummer by the retirement, with high and well-earned commendations, of Mr. G. H. Haydon, who has held this office ever since 1853, having previously been Steward of the Devon County Lunatic Asylum at Exminster, under Dr. J. C. Bucknill, F.R.S. Mr. Haydon, who was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1865, is Deputy Grand Master of Ceremonies in the Freemasons' Grand Lodge of England; he was one of the early colonists of Melbourne, from 1840 to 1845, and performed a share of the work of Australian exploration; he is author of two books on that subject, was a member of the oldest provincial Volunteer Rifle Corps at its first enrolment, and is an angler of some repute in the southern and western counties. During his official career at Bethlem Hospital he received from the older Governors, and in a marked degree from the late Mr. J. J. Miles, signal testimonials of their confidence and approval.

A distinguished-service pension has been conferred on Major-General J. O. Vandeleur.

Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Baron Pollock will be the Long Vacation Judges.

A concert was given on July 22 by several ladies and gentlemen of high social position and musical ability at the central office of the Boy Messengers (Limited), Star-yard, Carey-street. Nearly all the boys connected with the organisation were present.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Earl of Hopetoun to be Governor of the Colony of Victoria, in succession to Sir Henry Loch, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. Lord Hopetoun has been her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland since 1887, and is a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen.

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OBITUARY.

LORD ASHBURTON.

The Right Hon. Alexander Hugh Baring, M.A., fourth Lord Ashburton, died on July 18. He was born May 4, 1835, the eldest son of Francis, the third Lord, by Claire Hortense, his wife, daughter of the Duc de Bassano, Napoleon's famous Minister, and was educated at Harrow, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1857. In that year he entered the House of Commons as M.P. for Thetford, which borough he continued to represent until 1867. In 1868 he succeeded his father in the Peerage. His Lordship married, Jan. 5, 1864, Leonora Caroline, daughter of the ninth Lord Digby, and had five sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Francis Denzil Edward, present and fifth Lord, was born in 1863. The barony of Ashburton was conferred, in 1835, on the deceased Lord's great-grandfather, the Right Hon. Alexander Baring, and had previously been held, under a former creation, by the celebrated lawyer John Dunning, who had married Elizabeth, sister of Sir Francis Baring, Bart.



SIR EDWARD STRICKLAND.

Commissary-General Sir Edward Strickland, K.C.B., whose death is announced, was born in 1821, the second son of Mr. Jerrard Edward Strickland, by Annie, his wife, daughter of Mr. Francis Cholmeley, of Brandsby, Yorkshire, and was a descendant of the very ancient family of Strickland of Sizergh. He served in Canada during the rebellion, 1838-9; in Cephalonia, 1847-8; at the Alma in 1855, for which he had the medal with clasp and Turkish medal; and in New Zealand, 1864-6. He was district Commissary-General at the Cape, 1867-8, and Commissary-General to the Forces during the Zulu War. Sir Edward married first, in 1842, Georgina Fanny, daughter of Frederick Augustus Hely, of Enghurst, Sydney; and secondly, in 1877, Frances Mary, daughter of General John Tatton Brown Grieve, C.B. He was made K.C.B. in 1879, and retired as Commissary-General in 1881.

MR. RABETT.

Mr. Reginald Henry Holford Rabett, of Bramfield Hall, Suffolk, died at Bremen, Germany, on July 8. He was born Aug. 10, 1842, the eldest son of the late Captain George William Rabett, R.N., by his wife, Lady Lucy Louisa Maria Turnour, daughter of the third Earl of Winterton, and succeeded his uncle, the Rev. Reginald Rabett, M.A., of Bramfield Hall, at the death of that gentleman's widow in 1875. The family of Rabett has been long settled in Suffolk, representing at one time the borough of Dunwich in Parliament, and filling the office of High Sheriff on more than one occasion. Mr. Rabett

married, in 1870, Louisa Fredericke Leonore, daughter of Mr. George F. Eschrick, and leaves one son, Reginald George Frederick, born in 1871.

THE REV. M. T. FARRER.

The Rev. Mathew Thomas Farrer, of Ingleborough, Yorkshire, J.P. and D.L., formerly for many years Vicar of Addington and of Shirley, Croydon, died on July 14, at 50, Ennismore-gardens. He was born Feb. 3, 1816, the second son of the late Mr. James William Farrer, of Ingleborough, one of the Masters in Chancery, by Henrietta Elizabeth, his wife, widow of Hon. John Scott. He married first, Aug. 8, 1843, Frances Emma, daughter of Mr. Edward Golding, of Maiden Erlegh, Berks; and secondly, July 8, 1848, Mary Louisa, daughter of Sir William Anson, Bart., K.C.B. By the second wife he leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Hon. Sholto T. Pemberton, First Puisne Judge of the Leeward Islands, on June 30, at Queen's House, Nevis.

Sarah Mary, Lady Maclean, widow of Sir George Maclean, K.C.B., on July 17, at Ryde, in her eighty-fifth year.

Grace, Lady Morison, widow of Sir Alexander Morison, M.D., President of the Royal College of Physicians, and daughter of Mr. James Young, on July 12, in Edinburgh.

Mr. Ronald Leveson-Gower, eldest son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Granville Leveson-Gower, of Titsey Place, Surrey, from diphtheria, at 32, Bryanston-square, on July 21.

SUMMER SERVICE OF TRAINS BY THE WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

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LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—The following ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE is now in operation: 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all trains:—

Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
London (Euston)	5 15	7 15	10 0	10 30	11 0	7 45	8 0	8 50	10 12
Edinburgh (Pr. st.)	3 55	5 50	6 30	7 50	10 5	—	—	6 50	9 25
Glasgow (Central)	4 0	6 0	6 45	7 55	10 18	—	—	7 0	9 18
Greenock	5 35	7 18	7 35	9 18	11 56	—	—	7 5	8 17
Gourock	4 52	7 28	7 45	9 28	12 5	—	—	7 15	8 27
Oban	9 20	—	—	4 45	4 45	—	—	10 16	12 25
Perth	6 40	—	—	8 45	11 50	6 35	6 50	8 15	11 10
Dundee	7 35	—	—	9 35	12 40	8 20	8 20	9 40	11 55
Aberdeen	10 0	—	—	11 20	3 5	9 55	9 55	12 0	2 15
Inverness	—	—	—	6 30	11 30	11 50	2 45	6 5	10 5

The 7.45 p.m. Express from Euston to Perth will run from July 25 to Aug. 9 inclusive (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted).

The 8 p.m. Highland Express and the 12 night train will run every night (except Saturdays).

On Saturday night, August 10, the 7.45 p.m. and the 8 p.m. express will be run specially through to Perth.

A—Runs every night, but on Sunday mornings its arrival at Dundee is 9.5 a.m., Inverness 1.30 p.m., and has no connection to Oban (Saturday nights from London). B—Runs every night, but has no connection to the North of Scotland on Saturday night.

On Saturdays, passengers by the 10.30 a.m. Train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

Carriages with Lavatory Accommodation are run on the principal express-trains between London and Scotland, without extra charge.

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Additional trains from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other towns will connect with the above trains.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time-Bills.

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July, 1889.

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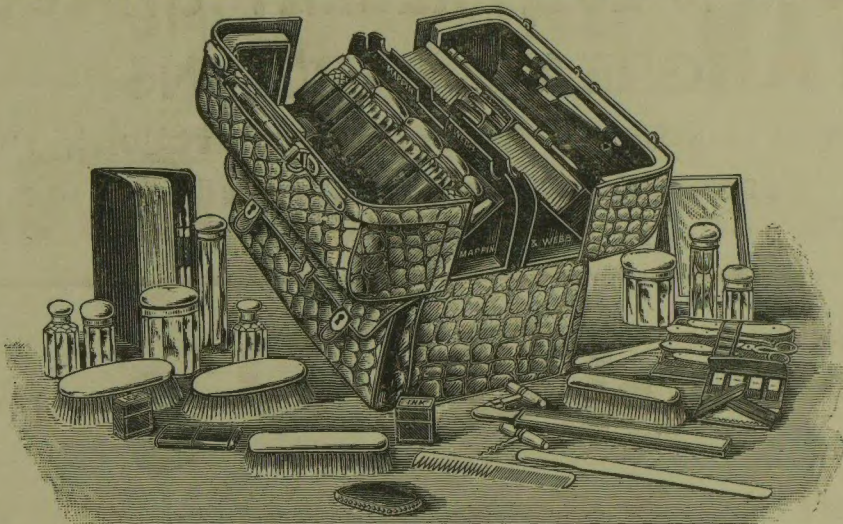
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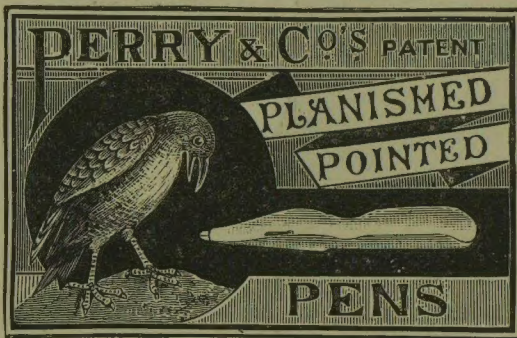
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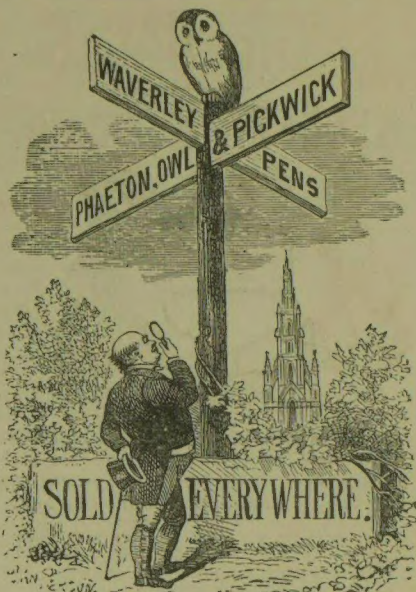
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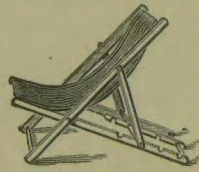
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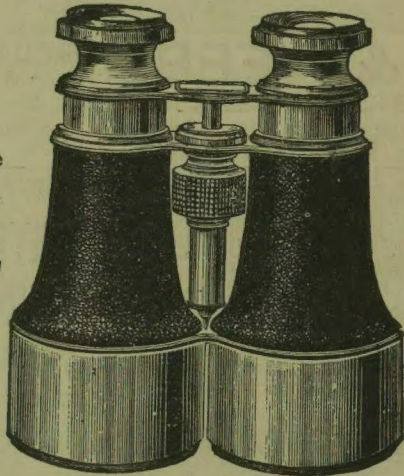
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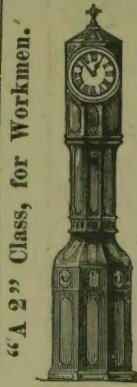
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